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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion.* With Notes and Illustrations by the Editor of "Captain Rock's Memoirs." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

Woe's the day that we should meet our quondam voluptuous, merry, and satirical friend in the field of polemical controversy! SAINT ANACREON be added to the list of three thousand odd hundred saints of the Roman Church hereafter! And,

When in death we shall calm recline, O, let us invoke his name, to

Bear our soul to our mistress dear.

Captain Rock preaching on the Rock of Ages—the Rock of Salvation—startles us on the title-page; and our amazement goes on augmenting to the end.

In truth we are sorry to have read this book, which has left a painful impression upon our mind. Of the sincerity of the writer we have no doubt; but yet his odd mixture of jest and facetiousness in treating a subject of such vital importance, often causes us to suspect that he has performed his task more in fun than in earnest, and hardly cares whether his descriptions and arguments produce laughter or conviction. Upon the validity of these arguments we would not, at any time, or under any circumstances, consider it to be proper for us to enter in a publication like this literary and miscellaneous journal; but were we wavering upon the point, the second ground, that of their caricature merit would confirm us in rejecting the controversy.

The gist of the work is to revile Protestantism in every age, as infidel, profane, and blasphemous. To assert the Roman Catholic faith to be the only true religion, and the Roman Catholic church the only pure Christian church. To establish the doctrine of the real presence. To remove the Bible from the reading of the laity, whom it can but lead into false error and scepticism; and to look to its light through the authority of Traditions alone, which traditions existed before it was written, and are superior to its uncertain text. To prove that in the first ages of Christianity and among the apostles, their contemporaries, and the earliest fathers, the church was Roman Catholic; and the nearer its origin consequently the more pure. To ridicule the sectarianism and diversity of opinion among the Protestants of Great Britain; and to represent the Papal religion as whole, undivided, and indivisible.

Such are the principal features of this strange production; in which mutilated fragments from writers within the first four centuries of our Christian era are profusely quoted when they suit Mr. Moore's view of the question—in which all the human follies and vices of Reformers or Protestant churches are exhibited in strong relief—in which every contradiction and deformity which can be alleged against one side is blazoned, and every similar defect on the other concealed; in which, we fear, much is done to shake one

principle and system, and very little to establish another for the moral government and guidance of mankind; in which that which is most grave is frequently turned to farce, and in which the modes of faith are made of far greater moment than the essentials which teach us to despise the zealot of whatever creed, and to strive to lead a right and righteous life—doing unto others as we would have others do unto us—and hoping, through virtue here, for happiness hereafter.

We have said that we will neither question nor discuss Mr. Moore's opinions; he will in other and fitter channels have champions opposed to him, and defenders. Our simple duty is to shew of what the work consists.

The first volume sets out with a young Irishman tempted, in almost a ludicrous strain, to embrace Protestantism—and the best of its kind—who thinks it right to examine the first ages of Christianity before he abandons Popish abominations. Here, of course, instead of being strengthened in his resolution, he finds every thing the other way, and exclaims:—

"Marvellous to me, most marvellous, were these discoveries;—a pope, relics of saints, apostolical traditions, and a corporal eucharist, all in the first age of the church! who could have thought it?"

He next supports the mass, the real presence, &c. &c., on the dicta of Irenæus, Justin, and Ignatius; and the former he also gives as a great authority touching the validity of tradition.

"On the subject of unwritten tradition,—that contested source of so much of the doctrine, practice, and power of Rome, this father's testimony brings with it double weight, inasmuch as he not only asserts, in all his writings, the high authority of tradition, but was himself one of the earliest and brightest links in that chain of oral delivery which has descended to the church of Rome from the apostolic age. Referring to his own master, Polycarp, who had been the disciple of St. John the Evangelist, he says—'Polycarp always taught these things, which he had learned from the apostles, which he delivered to the church, and which alone are true.' In a fragment of another of his writings there occurs a most impressive and interesting passage to the same effect. Addressing a heretic, named Florinus, who had adopted the errors of the Valentinians, he says—'Those opinions the Presbyters before us, who also conversed with the apostles, have not delivered to you. For I saw you, when I was very young, in the Lower Asia with Polycarp. . . . I better remember the affairs of that time than those which have lately happened; the things which we learn in our childhood growing up with the soul and uniting themselves to it. Inasmuch that I can tell the place in which the blessed Polycarp sat and taught, and his going out and coming in; and the manner of his life and the form of his person; and the discourses he made to the people, and how he related his conversation with St. John, and others who had seen the

Lord; and how he related their sayings, and what he had heard from them concerning the Lord; both concerning his miracles and his doctrine, as he had received them from the eye-witnesses of the Word of Life: all which Polycarp related agreeable to the Scriptures. These things I then, through the mercy of God toward me, diligently heard and attended to, recording them not on paper, but upon my heart; and, through the grace of God, I continually renew my remembrance of them.' Could we now summon to the earth the shade of this holy father,—this saint, so 'nourished up in words of faith and of good doctrine,'—with what face can we imagine a Protestant, an upstart of the reformation, to stand forth, in contradiction to so orthodox a spirit, and pronounce the unwritten word of the Catholic church to be but an inheritance of imposture, the jurisdiction of the see of St. Peter a rank usurpation, and the sacrifice of the holy mass 'a blasphemous fable?'"

Making the sign of the cross, the use of images, prayers for the dead, are sustained on the authority of Tertullian—while the invocation of saints and the Virgin, purgatory, &c. &c. are vouched for as being genuinely Christian by Origen, St. Cyprian, and other saints and popes. The discipline of the Secret—the Incarnation—early heresies and heretics—the Gnostics, together with a dream in which a Roman church service is funnily contrasted with that of a rich roseate Protestant rector, carry us to the close of the first volume; and the ludicrous deductions are drawn, that Simon Magus was the author of Calvinism, and Arius the first Presbyterian!

The second volume becomes more playful, as may be guessed by the titles to the first three chapters—

"Chapter I.—Brief recapitulation.—Secret out, at last.—Love affair.—Walks by the river.—'Knowing the Lord.'—Cupid and Calvin.—Chapter II.—Rector of Ballymudragget.—New form of shovel.—Tender scene in the shrubbery.—Moment of bewilderment.—Catholic Emancipation Bill carried.—Correspondence with Miss \* \* \*—Chapter III.—Miss \* \* \* knowledge of the Fathers—Translation for her Album from St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory, and St. Jerome.—Tender love-poem from St. Basil."

Our poor Irish student, tempted by the predilection of the somewhat antiquated and evangelical virgin here described, and by a prospect of the rectory of Ballymudragget, to which she has the next presentation, represents himself as much staggered as to the religion he shall adopt; and he goes to Germany to imbibe Pro-

\* "Arius," says the author, "having in vain tried to be appointed a bishop himself, took his revenge by making war on all bishops whatsoever, declaring that they had no right to any superiority or jurisdiction over presbyters. In disappointed ambition may most frequently be found the source of those movements by which restless spirits have agitated mankind. Thus Marcion became a heretic on being denied church preferment; and, with the same feeling, Vanini wrote to the pope that, if his holiness did not give him a benefice, he would, in twelve months from that time, overturn the Christian religion."

testantism, as his interests dictate. He is, it may readily be supposed, not more fortunate in this than in his preceding literary research. In making love to Miss \* \* our author paraphrases some of the religious effusions; of which, by way of variety and example, we shall select some specimens:—

"By way of keeping her in good humour," he says, "as well with the fathers as with myself, I occasionally translated into verse some of the many florid passages which occur in these writers, and laid them, in double homage, at once, of poetry and piety, at her feet. With these half-tender, half-saintly strains, the lady was, as may be supposed, inexpressibly delighted. To the task of copying them out her most delicate crow-quills were devoted; and it was the first time, I dare swear, in the annals of gallantry, that the names of St. Basil, St. Gregory, and St. Jerome, were fated to shine forth in the pages of a morocco-covered album."

Thus St. Chrysostom:—

"Why come ye to the place of prayer  
With jewels in your braided hair?  
And wherefore is the house of God  
By glittering feet profanely trod;  
As if, vain things, ye came to keep  
Some festival, and not to weep?  
Oh! prostrate weep before that Lord  
Of earth and heaven, of life and death,  
Who blights the fairest with a word,  
And blasts the mightiest with a breath!  
Go! 'tis not thus in proud array  
Such sinful souls should dare to pray.  
Vainly to anger'd Heaven ye raise  
Luxurious hands where diamonds blaze;  
And she, who comes in broiler'd well  
To weep her frailty, still is frail."

The same homily furnished me with rather a curious passage, shewing how just this saint's notions of female beauty, and how independent of the aid of ornament was its natural power in his eyes.

"Behold, thou say'st, 'my gown is plain,  
My sandals are of texture rude;  
Is this like one whose heart is vain—  
Like one who dresses to be woo'd?'  
Deceive not thus, young maid, thy heart;  
For far more oft in simple gown  
Doth Beauty play the tempter's part,  
Than in brocades of rich renown;  
And homeliest garb hath oft been found  
When typed and moulded to the shape,  
To deal such shafts of mischief round  
As wisest men can scarce escape."

Saint Gregory of Nazianzum, who himself wrote poems, and was the only one of the fathers of the first four centuries who did so, is thus rendered:—

"Let not those eyes, whose light forbids  
All love unholy, ever learn to stray,  
But safe within thy snowy lids  
Like timid virgins in their chambers stay,  
Keeping their brightness to themselves all day."

Let not those lips by man be won,  
To breathe a thought that warms thy guileless breast;  
But, like May-buds, that fear the sun,  
Shut up in rosy silence, ever rest—  
Silence, that speaks the maiden's sweet thoughts best."

But St. Basil comes nearer Little's Poems:

"There shines an all-pervading grace,  
A charm, diffused through every part  
Of perfect woman's form and face,  
That steals, like light, into man's heart.  
Her look is to his eyes a beam  
Of loveliness that never sets;  
Her voice is to his ear a dream  
Of melody it ne'er forgets:  
Alike in motion or repose,  
Awake or slumbering, sure to win,  
Her form, a vase transparent, shews  
The spirit's light enshrined within.  
Nor charming only when she talks,  
Her very silence speaks and shines;  
Love glides her pathway when she walks,  
And lights her couch when she reclines.  
Let her, in short, do what she will,  
'Tis something for which man must woo her;  
So powerful is that magnet still  
Which draws all souls and senses to her."

This ancient is afterwards kept in counte-

nance by a paraphrase of a modern Barlaam, a staunch Calvinist.

"Now, perhaps, having taxed my poetical art,  
To indite you this erudite letter,  
You've enough of the sex, after all, in your heart,  
To like a few kisses much better."

And in sooth, my dear Anne, if you're pretty as wise,  
I might offer the gifts you prefer,  
But that Barbara tells me, with love in her eyes,  
I must keep all my kisses for her."

Having, we trust, agreeably diversified the dryness of theological disputation by these extracts, we must again turn to some of the author's more serious conclusions, which will demonstrate the accuracy of our definition of his work at the outset. For our conversion, he says,—

"The sagacious prediction of Bayle, that a day would yet arrive when the Lutherans, no longer finding their creed in the Augsburg Confession, would 'put all matters again on their former footing,' is now in a fair train for accomplishment; as already numbers of Protestants, disgusted at the un-Christian mockery of their own mis-called churches, have embraced the faith of Rome, with every prospect of their example being still more extensively followed. It is, in fact, the alarm produced by these desertions to the Catholic church that has chiefly caused that apparent reaction, in favour of Christianity, which has been of late observable in Germany, as well as those retractions of their former blasphemies which the De Wettes and Bretschneiders have, with so little appearance, I must say, of sincerity, been hastening to proffer to the public."

Against the reading of the Bible, and in favour of tradition:

"On looking back to the wide field over which my inquiries have led me, I could not but see that the main source of all the heresies and blasphemies which have arisen, like phantoms, along the pathway of Christianity, from the first moment of its appearance in this world, lay in that free access to the perusal of the Scriptures, and that free exercise of private judgment in interpreting them, which heretics have, in all ages, contended for, and the Catholic church has, in all ages, as invariably condemned. It was, therefore, with a sigh to think how long-lived and unconquerable is error, that I found, on landing in Ireland, the very same cry of 'the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible,' which the Gnostics of the second century first turned to the detriment of Christianity, employed by those far from Gnostic persons, the Lortons and Rodens of the nineteenth—however unconsciously and ignorantly on their parts—to the same baleful purpose. The mischievous consequences of leaving the Scriptures to be interpreted according to individual fancy and caprice have been pointed out, in opposition to the dissenters and the advocates of Bible Societies, by Dr. Balguy, Bishop Marsh, the Rev. Mr. Callaghan, and other Protestant divines; and the arguments advanced by them, in support of this truly Catholic view of the subject, are far too valuable to the cause of true morality and religion to allow us to indulge in any taunts at the utter inconsistency with the first and main principles of Protestantism which they exhibit. Referring for the general view of the question to these writers, I shall here employ the brief space that remains to me in endeavouring to shew, by a few facts and authorities, that the Scriptures, as a rule of faith, cannot be otherwise than obscure, uncertain, and unsafe, without the aid of that guidance which tradition alone can supply, and which the church, as the depository of all Christian tradition, alone can furnish."

Tradition, in the *Genius of Judaism*, (see our first review last week,) is strenuously reprobated by that able author as the bane of the Hebrew religion; and, as if anticipating Moore, also, he asserts the same of its corruption of the Roman Catholic faith; while here, we see it set above the Scriptures themselves. Mr. Moore having contended throughout that the only purity of Christianity existed in the earliest ages, when he declares it to have been entirely Roman Catholic, we are struck, at the very winding up, with the following confession, which amounts to a contradiction of his whole argument:—

"What, then, let me ask, remains to the Protestant who has been taught to acknowledge no other rule of faith than the written Word, but to surrender at once all belief in a dogma of which the sole props are thus, one by one, taken away? And such unhappily has been the result necessarily attendant on that fatal rejection of the ancient authorities of tradition into which so large a portion of the Christian world was hurried rashly by the Reformation. Not only at the mercy of every wind of doctrine that blows from all the countless points of the compass of private judgment, but depending for his faith on the various readings of manuscripts, on the position even of semicolons and commas, the Protestant loses, at every step, some hold, some footing, in Christianity, and sees the creed of his fathers vanishing, like fairy money, out of his grasp. Far different are the grounds on which the Catholic church asserts her claims to belief. Holding the Scriptures in one hand, she points, with the other, to the ancient authority of tradition,—that authority under whose sanction the doctrine 'delivered by the saints' has been handed down, and by which alone the inspiration of the Scriptures themselves can be authenticated. From this apostolical source, before a single word of the New Testament was written, she received, in trust for all time, the imperishable deposit of the two great Christian mysteries, the Trinity and the Real Presence; and these, through chance and change, and among all the defections and heresies that surround her, she has maintained, in their first perfect holiness, to the present hour. *It matters not to her safety how heresy and schism may, from time to time, raise their bold front against her power. In the very first ages of her existence, this rebellion of the evil principle began; and the Ebionites denied the Trinity, and the Docetae the Real Presence, full as confidently as the Unitarians and the Zwinglians assail those bulwarks of her faith in modern times. It matters not to her unity how text-hunters and commentators,—how all that tribe whom St. Paul styles 'the disputers of this world,' may succeed in torturing the Word of God by their perverse ingenuity. That unwritten authority, upon which the Scriptures themselves are but a comment, guides her, safe and triumphant, through a path high above all such disturbing influences."*

With this we finish; again expressing our regret at meeting a man of such different genius meddling with so dread a question, and treating it in such a manner. The Tale of a Tub was one uniform, and therefore not light and superficial satire; though partisan, it was not intolerant—though witty, not acrimonious. Heretofore our esteemed bard has written chiefly for Mothers and Daughters, and not without severe objections to his matter; but we are afraid his turning to the Fathers will give rise to yet more prodigious clamour. He will be taught that it is more dangerous to write about

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Saint Cyprian than about or for the numerous female class who take their name after that famous personage; and that of all the Pollys, the amorous descriptions of whom have led the critics to carp at him, the worst he could touch upon was Polycarp.

*Sketches in Greece and Turkey; with the Present Condition and Future Prospects of the Turkish Empire.* 8vo. pp. 266. London, 1833. Ridgway.

TRULY what the title imports, *Sketches*; and *Sketches* of a very spirited and agreeable character. An intelligent and unprejudiced Englishman roaming about an interesting country; observing all that was most curious and worthy of observation; having leisure and opportunity, and making the best use of both,—such seem to us to be the grounds on which we may fairly and highly commend this volume to the public notice. With this brief preface, we need only further exercise our critical powers, by selecting such extracts as will enable the author, whoever he is, to speak for himself; assuring the reader that, throughout, he affords a new and recent light by which to judge of the existing state of Greece, the feelings and condition of the inhabitants, and the nature of their future prospects.

"On my return from Greece," he tells us, "in the autumn of 1832, I was much surprised at the deficient and erroneous impressions which appeared to prevail, both in parliament and in the country at large, respecting the condition, capacities, and character of the Greek people. In fact, there have been no sources of correct information on these points; and, with the single exception of the authentic and masterly articles in Numbers IX. and X. of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, the writer of which unites the most accurate information to the soundest views, I have seen no work, since the termination of the Greek revolution, which betrays any thing like an adequate acquaintance with the character of the people, or the condition of the country."

The population of the country has been variously estimated at from little more than five hundred thousand to two millions: the author thinks "that it cannot exceed six hundred thousand at the present moment; though, as soon as the new government is firmly seated on the throne, and some tolerable prospect of stability and security held out, the immigration will be immense from all quarters, especially from Thessaly and Albania; and it may reasonably be expected that, in a very few years, regenerated Greece will double its population by this means alone."

But, with these views before it, we regret to find that "the state of Greece at present is melancholy and wretched beyond the power of fancy to exaggerate. With the single exception of Napoli di Romania, the actual seat of government, every town and village on the mainland—I do not speak hyperbolically—is in ruins; Athens, Corinth, and Tripolitza, are almost utterly swept away. In many cities the people supply the place of their ruined habitations with temporary hovels of straw or mud, refusing to build more solid dwellings till they have some security that their labour will not be thrown away. Others live in tents of the rudest construction, while many have no better shelter than the walnut or the fig-tree. Few, if any, of the chiefs are able to support their followers; and since the death of Capodistrias, the soldiers have had no pay, because the government has had no revenue. Pillage therefore is their only resource; they wrest

from the miserable peasants the little they possess; the cultivation of the ground has in consequence nearly ceased; and all are now reduced to the most meagre and scanty subsistence. A little bread—when they are fortunate enough to procure it—an onion, a few olives, and occasionally even the softer part of the thistle, form the daily nourishment of this impoverished and exhausted people. Add to this, that the country is at the mercy of a needy and ferocious soldiery, who exercise on the unresisting peasantry every species of outrage, license, and rapacity,—and the picture is painfully complete. I speak of nothing I have not seen. There is no temptation to exaggerate—and the condition of Greece admits of no exaggeration."

Afterwards, when the author visits what once was Corinth, he describes its desolation more particularly:—

"In our anxiety to procure horses for conveying our baggage to the town, which is situated about three miles inland, my companion and I landed, and pursued our way to Corinth over fields and marshes whitened with the bones and skulls of the horses and men who had fallen in the revolutionary war. I never beheld a more desolate and gloomy spectacle than the town presented on our first arrival. We trod for many hundred yards over an undistinguishable heap of ruins, here and there ennobled by an ancient capital or the fragment of a granite column, intermingled with the meaner remains of yesterday. When we entered the interior of the town, the scene was nearly similar; there was nowhere any sign of human existence; here and there a wet and solitary dog prowled about the deserted streets, and was in no way disturbed at our approach; the houses were all barricaded, and the wooden windows closely shut; and the rain was drizzling down as darkly and despairingly as on a November Sunday in London. We thought we had arrived at some city of the dead. At length three men, armed to the teeth, put their heads out of a window as we passed, and asked our business. We replied that we were English officers, bearing despatches for the resident at Napoli, and wished to be conducted to the governor; at the same time inquiring the meaning of the total desolation which reigned around us. They informed us that the Roumeliores, with Grivas at their head, had the previous day crossed the isthmus, where they had been met by the troops of Capodistrias,—that after two hours' fighting, in which, as it appeared, little damage had been done, the latter had been totally defeated,—that the Roumeliores had pursued them into Corinth, and, between the two, the town had been completely sacked; that all the inhabitants had fled into the citadel with as many of their effects as they could carry away; and, finally, that the Roumeliores had marched upon Argos and taken it, and would immediately proceed to invest Nauplia. We requested our informants to conduct us to the governor, who, with the rest of the Corinthians, was in the Acrocorinthos. We toiled up this vast and precipitous rock, without any leisure to admire the grandeur of its situation, or the singularity of its form. We found it, as we expected, ill-garrisoned, and worse fortified, and crowded to excess,—women and girls, old men and infants, cattle, poultry, firewood, and articles of clothing, scattered about in all directions; the whole forming a scene of most picturesque confusion."

The condition of Athens is only a little less fallen.

"On entering the gate of Athens, the scene which presents itself is extraordinary and pain-

ful. The flimsy walls of the modern town include within their extensive circuit one vast heap of mean and undistinguished ruins. Scarcely a tenth of the houses remain standing. Athens was the scene of one of the most terrible and prolonged conflicts in the revolutionary war, when the Greeks were besieged in the Acropolis by the Turks, who had possession of the town. This was utterly destroyed between the fire of the besieged and their assailants; in the Acropolis the Erechtheum was greatly injured; and the entrance to the Parthenon is even now choked up with the cannon-balls and broken shells which were thrown into it during the siege. So complete is the desolation which there then produced, that though, under the Turks, Athens contained about five thousand inhabitants, it cannot now muster above three hundred at the utmost."

Again alluding to the lawless conduct of the chiefs, which has tended so much to depopulate the land, the author relates the following:

"In the revolutionary war, the lofty and commanding fortress of Palamede, which overhangs Nauplia, remained in the possession of the Turks some time after the town below had been wrested from them. Grivas, with a chosen band of followers, surprised it one night by a bold and well-conducted assault, and threw the Turks headlong from the battlements. Instead, however, of delivering the fortress into the hands of the government, or holding it under them, he retained it for his own purposes, and defended it equally against Turk and Greek. Whenever it happened that he was in want of money—an exigency of almost daily occurrence, he pointed the cannon of the fort upon the town, and sent down word that, unless an adequate number of dollars were returned by the messenger, he should immediately commence firing. The character of the man was well known, and the dollars were regularly sent. Nearly the same trick is playing now in every part of Greece. The needy chiefs each seize the castle or fort which lies most within their reach, and refuse to surrender it to the officers appointed by government, alleging that they are keeping it for Prince Otho. In this way Giavella has lately taken possession of Patras. While the chiefs are occupied in these irregular pastimes, it must not be imagined that the soldiery are idle. On the contrary, they profit by, and improve upon, the lesson which is read them. They receive no pay from government, for government has not a piastre in its coffers; and as an authority which does not pay its troops can never control them, they give themselves up to every species of military license. They pillage, they ravish, they murder; and there is scarcely a single one of all the abhorred crimes and cruelties of war, of which Greece is not at this moment the theatre and the victim."

From these melancholy features, we turn to traits of individual portraiture, and an account of political matters. After a visit to Lepanto, our author returned to head-quarters, and says, "Mavrocordato, I found, had left, half an hour before my arrival, with the last division of the army which was destined to march on Argos and Nauplia, and to hang Augustin Capodistrias, if he staid for such a fate. Two other chiefs of eminence, however, still remained. Rufos, a Moreote of considerable wealth and influence, and Constantine Botzari, brother of the celebrated Marco, and a worthy successor of his fame. They received us with great politeness; and their secretary, Eustathius Simof, who was attached to Rufos, and a follower of his fortune, shewed us particular

attention. This gentleman was a character worth studying, and we frequently met him afterwards. His countenance was noble and expressive; his eye dark and piercing; his voice was low, and very sweet; his manners singularly mild and gentle, but cautious, subtle, and insinuating. In short, he was eminently a Greek—a Hebrew of the Hebrews—just the sort of man you would be very sorry to have for an enemy, yet could scarcely feel secure of as a friend. We entered into a long conversation on the state of Grecian politics. He detailed to us, with a confidence which equally surprised and delighted us, their plans for the campaign; and informed us that the greater part of their army, under the command of Grivas, had already reached the Isthmus of Corinth, and expected to be received at Argos with open arms. 'If Monsieur Augustin Capodistrias,' said he, 'is wise enough to decamp, the change of government may be peaceably effected; but if not, there will be bloody work, and we shall certainly hang that infernal man, as he is universally called (*quest' uomo infernale, come lo chiamiamo tutti*). The cause of the detestation which they bore towards this 'infernal man,' I found to be his having, somewhat unconstitutionally, put to death George Mavromichaelis for the murder of the late president. I ventured humbly to represent, that Augustin might surely be excused for executing the murderer of his own brother, even if the sentence were not exactly according to the strict forms of law; that he scarcely deserved condign punishment for so small an offence; and that it was scarcely justifiable to bring the horrors of civil war upon their country, merely to overturn a government which must be superseded in a few months at farthest by the arrival of Prince Otho. But, as might be expected, my reasonings had little weight with these wild and passionate warriors. They repeated, that Augustin Capodistrias was an 'infernal man' (this seemed to be the cognomen by which he was generally known), that he had violated the constitution, and that on no consideration would they permit him to retain, even for a week, an authority which he knew not how to wield."

Among his other excursions, our countryman took one to the village of Pidavro, the successor of the famous Epidaurus, "situated in the recess of a small creek, which stretches about half a mile inland. It is hemmed in by hills of considerable altitude; and from the softness of the landscape, and the deep quiet and retirement of the scene, is neither dissimilar nor altogether unequal to the lovely harbour of Poros, which lies a little to the south on the same coast. Like many other towns in Greece, associated with equally classical and sacred recollections, Epidaurus is but a mockery of its name. It consists of a few miserable fishing huts, and one or two houses somewhat more substantially built; that is, with a few stones intermingled with the mud of which they are constructed. The population may amount to twenty or thirty families, subsisting chiefly by fishing, aided by the produce of the little land which it may be worth their while to cultivate. I was surprised to find that this was so insignificant in quantity: for I imagined that in so remote and sequestered a spot, they might have more chance of enjoying the produce of their industry than in those towns and villages which are situated nearer to the seat of government."

This characteristic and gallant adventure will be read with much interest; nor will the account of a visit to the old chief, George

Mavromichaelis, on his liberation, after the slaughter of his brother, and the cruel execution of his last for the assassination of Capodistrias, be perused with less intensity of feeling.

"We landed," says the narrative, "at Maina; and Pietro Bey asked us, in a manner which shewed that a refusal would have been painful, to go and share the hospitality of his castle for at least one night. We accordingly accompanied him to his residence. It was situated among a sea of mountains, which rose on every side like waves in a storm. The house itself, like most of the Greek habitations, was poor, old, and ruinous; there were but few trees near it: altogether it was a wild scene, and but for the rich, soft, southern climate, would have seemed bleak and desolate. Our host was received with great respect and evident attachment by all his dependents; and a rude banquet was soon prepared for us. A lamb, roasted whole, was placed upon the table, and hares, pigeons, and other wild fowl, were served up in considerable abundance. We were supplied with large flasks of the most generous wines, but all spoiled for a European palate by the quantity of resin which it is usual to put into them. When the banquet was over, the venerable chieftain rose from his seat, and, after struggling for a few moments with his feelings, said to us, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'Strangers, I thank you for having brought me from a place which I must hate for ever, to my own sequestered dwelling. I shall quit it no more, but will die in the habitation of my forefathers. Greece and I are henceforth strangers—I will mingle no more in her affairs. I have sacrificed to her every thing I had; my enemies have made me childless, and nothing now is left to me but lonely, hopeless, tearless desolation.' He spoke these few words with a passionate burst of grief, then sunk down on his seat, and covered his face with his hands. We respected his sorrows, and were silent. In a grove not far from his castle, Pietro Bey has erected a small and simple tomb-stone to the memory of his faithful son. Near this grave, the old man wanders the live-long day, like a ghost lingering round the scene of its departed pleasures—like one who treads in solitude a deserted banquet-hall, when the revellers who enlivened it are fled—or like a homeless, friendless wanderer, who sits in winter beneath the bare and decaying branches of his accustomed oak-tree, when the leaves which once sheltered him are scattered to the wind."

Fine subjects for a painting! There are other interesting stories; one of a chief named Charilo, perhaps rather too much wrought up for authentic narrative: but for this, and occasional bursts of style, we readily excuse the enthusiasm of a sojourner in Greece, so full of every thing to excite the mind. We will not, however, pardon the phrase "*talented*," at p. 196. It is never worse used than when applied to a classic land.

An essay on the present state of Turkey concludes the volume, and with a short extract from it we conclude our review.

"Much has been said of the character and the innovations of Mahmoud; but I think neither the one nor the other has been correctly appreciated. Mahmoud is persevering, vigorous, and decided, as his suppression of the Janissaries amply testifies. But he is rapacious, severe, and sanguinary, and the terror of all his wealthy and powerful subjects. He contrives, like all the Ottoman emperors, to squeeze out every farthing of superfluous wealth from all public officers, though for this purpose he

adopts a rather different plan from his predecessors. When a pacha returns from his government, or a general from a successful war, instead of decapitating them, and then confiscating their property, he orders them to build some public edifice, such as a mosque, an arsenal, or a cannon-foundry, by which the capital is embellished and enriched, and the luckless officer impoverished. When this is done, he sends him forth on some other predatory expedition, and again compels him to disgorge his spoil on his return. Mahmoud is both feared and hated throughout his whole empire: feared for his ferocity, and hated for his innovations. He bow-strings the pachas with wonderful intrepidity; debases the coin to one-sixteenth of its former value; offends the dearest prejudices of the people by abolishing the national costume, which was regarded with a sort of superstitious veneration, and by selling, by public auction, the wives of his two predecessors; and lastly, notwithstanding the Mahometan prohibition of wine, he drinks champagne with almost Christian avidity. In all matters of policy he is fatally obstinate, and will never seek his safety or consult his dignity by timely concession, but requires every thing to be forced upon him, or, like the Tartar mentioned by De Tott, '*insists upon being beaten*.' If the final struggle for existence should come upon Turkey during the reign of the present sultan, we must not expect an *unbought* victory. Mahmoud will die game."

"On the whole, it appears evident that the Ottoman empire is fast approaching the term of its existence; and the tardy and feeble efforts which have of late been made, are utterly inadequate to renovate a state of such advanced decrepitude. The signs of the times are fearfully portentous, and the sultan seems to read their meaning. His splendid new palace is built on the Asiatic shore; and, by a curious coincidence, the spot on which it is erected is called 'the Valley of the Cross.' The empire is fast falling to pieces in every direction. Greece, one of its fairest portions, is already swept away—Bosnia gets up an almost annual rebellion, which every year becomes more difficult to quell—Albania has long been watching an opportunity to assure its independence—and now the Pacha of Egypt has openly thrown off his allegiance, and Syria is already in his hands. I cannot for a moment doubt that his final success will be the signal for the total dismemberment of the Ottoman dominions; an event which it will be impossible to regret. A wiser and more auspicious government will, it may be hoped, succeed. That vast extent of favoured and fertile territory, which has so long been withered up under the blight of despotism, when relieved from the nightmare of oppression, will rapidly develop its rich and manifold resources; population will spring forward in the race of increase with an elasticity unknown for ages; the wealth and happiness of Europe and the Levant will be augmented by a vast and varied commerce, of which no human eye can see the extent or termination; and smiling provinces, and a happy people, will succeed to that 'barbarous anarchic despotism,' (to quote the language of a master-spirit) 'beneath which the finest countries in the most genial climates in the world, are wasted by peace more than any others have been wasted by war—where arts are unknown—where manufactures languish—where science is extinguished—where agriculture decays—where the human race itself seems to melt away, and perish under the eye of the observer.'"

*Sunday in London.* Illustrated in Fourteen Cuts, by George Cruikshank, and a few Words by a Friend of his; with a copy of Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill. 12mo. pp. 105. London, 1833. Wilson.

THE prints have all the character, though not generally all the usual humour of George Cruikshank's Hogarthian pencil. The letter-press is also of a graver and higher tone than was to be expected from the title and the circumstances of the times which have given rise to the publication. This may be occasioned by the author and the artist having chosen rather to satirise the general profanation of Sunday, than to caricature the measures proposed to remedy that evil; but be this as it may, the volume is an extremely clever one, and much of the reprehension it contains is only too applicable to the vices of the age. What can be more effective, for instance, than the description of the demoralising effects of gin-drinking, in the following passage?

"And in the gray of the Sunday morning, at the sound of the matin-bell, the gin temples open wide their portals to all comers. Time was when gin was to be found only in by-lanes and blind alleys—in dirty obscure holes, y'clep'd dram-shops; but now, thanks to the enlightened and paternal government of 'the first captain of the age,' gin is become a giant demi-god—a mighty spirit, dwelling in gaudy gold-beplastered temples, erected to his honour in every street, and worshipped by countless thousands, who daily sacrifice at his shrine their health, their strength, their money, their minds, their bodies, wives, children, sacred home, and liberty. Jaggernaut is but a fool to him!—for the devotees of Jaggernaut do but put themselves in the way of being crushed to death beneath his chariot-wheels, and are put out of their misery at once; but the devotees of the Great Spirit Gin devote themselves to *lingering* misery;—for his sake they are contented to drag on a degraded, nasty existence—to see their children pine, dwindle, and famish; to steep themselves in poverty to the very lips, and die at last poor, sneaking, beadle-kicked, gruel-swollen paupers! Sunday is especially devoted to the worship of this great spirit; and when the early Sabbath bells announce the arrival of that day, then do the 'lower orders' begin to shake off the *beery* slumbers of the midnight pay-table, and wander forth in maudlin unwashed multitudes to the temples of the Great Spirit Gin; and there, sir, you may see them, the ancient and the infant of a span long—old men and maidens, gransires and grandams, fathers and mothers, husbands, wives, and children, crowding and jostling 'like so many maggots in a grease-pot,' and sucking in the portions of the spirit which the flaunting priestesses of the temple dole out to them in return for their copper offerings."

What his Grace of Wellington has contributed to this, we do not know; but the growth of the evil is frightful, and its stoppage, we fear, quite hopeless, so long as there exists so vast a mass of poverty and suffering to look for even momentary alleviation to this pernicious source. Our satirist is equally severe on another of the demoralising organs of our day—the ribbald and indecent portions of the Sunday press. He points particularly at one journal; but there are others not less worthy of castigation, whose pandering to depravity, and indulgence in every baseness, cover their authors and abettors with contempt and in-

digitation. We are far from thinking the example chosen the worst of its class—but here it is, as exhibited.

"Lest you, gentle reader, should not be one of the initiated, we will, for your edification and future government, describe what a *sporting* paper is. A *sporting* paper is published only on *Sunday*, and very appropriately it deprecates all 'religious observance of the Sunday' as *cant* and *humbug*; and it denounces all police officers as *public nuisances* and *raw lobsters*; but it patronises the 'fancy,' and *flash* houses, and propagates *slang*; it registers the genealogy of prize-fighters and bulldogs; it publishes the challenges of these worthies, and gives full, true, and particular accounts of the '*grand slap-up fights*' consequent thereon; and the state of the odds, as 'first blood' was drawn; also it keeps a register of the 'extraordinary feats' which 'celebrated horses' have by wet whip and bloody spur been encouraged to perform; the number of shots fired and birds killed by the valiant Tomtit and Sparrow Clubs at the Red House in Battersea Fields—and whether the said birds were killed 'in bounds' or 'out of bounds;' and it gives notice of all the coming bull-baitings, badger-baitings, and duck-huntings, and when they are to 'come off,' and the state of the odds thereon. Finally, it resolves and determines all disputed gambling debts, and expatiates on every other matter and thing which can interest '*sporting characters*'—that is to say, bullies, bruisers, and black-legs. And, perhaps, gentle reader, you would stare if you were told that the proprietor of the most police-defying, 'Sabbath'-decrying, betting, and bullying Sunday newspaper, is a worshipful magistrate of the city of London. But, nevertheless, such is the fact. Indeed, there are but two of these *sporting* Sunday papers; and the only one which constantly decryeth the 'observance of the Sabbath,' and denounceth the police as '*raw lobsters*,' is precisely that one which is the property of his worship the *magistrate*."

It is certainly difficult to imagine the proprietor or editor of such a journal, in a judicial seat, sentencing a rogue and vagabond to correction for a breach of the Sabbath, or of decency, or of the law.

One of the best prints is that of a pew full of "*miserable sinners*," i. e. a wealthy, bedizened, and inflated party at church; of whom it is said:

"It is true, that even these do leave servants, cooks, scullions, &c. at home, 'within their gates, doing all manner of work on the Sabbath day;' and it is also true, that their 'cattle'—even the cattle of the right reverend father himself—are still panting and perspiring with the labour of dragging their distinguished owners to the church-gates.—But what then?—Having alighted from their splendid carriages, and seated themselves in their carpetted and nicely cushioned pews, do they not straight-ways *acknowledge* themselves to be '*miserable sinners*?' *Query*.—If these be *miserable sinners*, what must those be on the hard seats and cold pavement in the middle aisle?"

In shewing-up the nuisance of Omnibuses, or Omnibii as he calls them, the author gives us the following characteristic note upon a horrid and hourly cruelty.

"The raw,' cockneyally so called, is a sore place on horse or ass—an opening in the hide which leaves the bare flesh and nerves exposed as a mark for the whip of the driver. Take the following commentary thereon from the lips of a learned omnibus-driver on the Pad-

dington road:—"You may take your oath there's nothing like a *raw* for getting the go out of a boss as long as there's any in him. You call it cruel; but I'll just take and tell you how it is now—and I'll leave you to guess. Your *buggy gentlemen*, and sich, they takes and uses all the *high courage* out of a boss—very good. Then they sells him to us, and we flogs the *work* out of him; but after a bit he gets whip-hardened, and worked down as *it* were, though its like there's plenty of *go* in him still, if we could only get it out. Well, then comes the use of the *raw*; and if the raw don't come natural, by the rubbing of the traces and sich like, why some folks will make a raw, with a bit of blister-plaster, or what not, (but I don't hold with that ere, for we shouldn't like it ourselves,) and its a mortal to see how you may get all the rest of the work out of a boss quite sprightly, by whipping into the raw, till he hasn't a leg left to stand upon, and is good for nothing but the knackers' shambles. It may be *cruelish*, perhaps; but it's all fair in the way of *trade*. We buy the hosses for the work what's in 'em; and we've a right to get the work out of 'em of course—or else what's the use?"

The cigar-shops, another infamous nuisance, are also justly pointed out for abatement.

"Shops for the sale of snuff, tobacco, and cigars, are kept open throughout the *whole* of Sunday, and till three or four o'clock on Monday morning. They are very badly conducted in general. Attached to many of them are smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms; and they are frequented by the most profligate young men, and persons of dubious character, who, being well dressed and supplied with money, think themselves privileged to trample under foot all law, and set even common decency at defiance."

A shopman or apprentice spends more money now in smoking, than one of their class, when debauched, used to do in tipping. The effects of the intemperance were seen, and the parties were dismissed or corrected; but the cigar expense is not so readily detected; and hence comes the multitude of thefts, of robbing of tills, of swindling, and cheating, and low profligacy, which make our police-courts a common scandal, and often lead to transportation and the gallows.

The following is a good remark. People of ample means almost invariably shave themselves; but the very poor do not like the trouble, or else the custom of being barberised must be to them what it is to no one else—a pleasure.

"There has been (says the author) much carping at the barbers for opening their shops on a Sunday; against which carping we hereby enter our protest; for what a cruel thing it would be to debar the barber from shaving a poor man on a Sunday, when it is a well-known fact that *poor* men are too stupid to shave themselves! And even if a poor man had the wit to shave himself, the purchase of a razor would take out of his hard earnings at least *ten pence*!—and perhaps the razor would not last him longer than *ten years*, or thereabout; whereas the barber only charges him a *penny a shave*—which, at twice a-week for the whole ten years, would not amount to more than *four pounds six shillings and eight pence*! Besides, whilst one rich man in a hundred is too lazy to shave himself, and prefers having his nose pulled about by a barber, there can be no reason given why all the poor men should not indulge in the same cheap luxury."

But we have gone enough into a book which, after all, must be considered a *jeu d'esprit* of the passing day. The cuts will amply gratify the purchaser; and should more serious argument be wanted, it will be found, though often ludicrously put, in the text. We close with an example, in quoting some of the shrewd and sensible remarks on Sir A. Agnew's bill.

"If you be a middle or a lower order person, and have been shut up hard at work all the week, you must not go to dinner with your father, your mother, sister, brother, or friend in the country on a Sunday—unless they happen to live within walking distance; the extent of which distance, you know, must mainly be governed by the state of your corns: and if your corns will not allow you to walk far enough on Sunday, and your business, or employer, will not allow you to visit your friends on a week-day, why they must remain unvisited to the end of the chapter; for the same causes which will prevent your visiting them, will prevent their visiting you. Belong to what 'order' you may—if you happen to walk out, even into the street on a Sunday, and any sudden illness or accident should come upon you—such as a fit of apoplexy, or cholera, or a sprained ankle, or a broken leg, you must make yourself as comfortable as you can until Monday morning on the pavement where you may happen to fall; for nobody can call a hackney-coach or cab to your assistance, inasmuch as there will be none to call. Perhaps you may think that in such a dilemma as this you might get yourself carried home by hand, but you would find yourself mistaken;—Sir Andrew has provided heavy penalties against hiring any person or persons to do any manner of work on the Sunday, and it is pretty hard work to carry a stout elderly gentleman ever so short a distance; and therefore, unless you can get some good Samaritans to carry you home 'free gratis,' you must, as aforesaid, make yourself as comfortable as you can on the pavement until Monday morning. And if you happen to die on the pavement, it will make no great difference to you, personally, however long you may lie there.—The Bill prohibits the driving of cattle to market on the Sunday; and, consequently, if carried into a law, it will put down that great beastly nuisance, the Sunday preparation for Monday's Smithfield market. These are some of the principal features of Sir Andrew Agnew's Bill; and probably, gentle reader, you will agree with us, that, though it contains some little good, it contains more evil; that it is at once inefficient, partial, and impracticable; and that it is not at all such a bill as we were entitled to expect after so much preparation. Perhaps, gentle reader, you will agree with us, that had Sir Andrew confined his Bill to limiting the Sunday hours for the sale of gin, and all the other 'ardent,' health-destroying, vice-inspiring spirits; to prohibiting the rolling about of omnibuses and stage-coaches during the few short hours of divine service; to the prohibition of Sunday markets and shop-trading generally; to the prohibition of pitched battles between man and man, or dog and dog, and all other open and self-evident breaches of the peace; and to the suppression of Sunday gambling wherever it appeared publicly; his Bill would have been hailed as a great and practical good by every man and woman whose opinion is of any value. These limitations and prohibitions would abate much of the more gross desecrations of the day; and if, in addition to these limitations and prohibitions, Sir Andrew Agnew could only persuade the higher orders

to set a better example to those below them—if he could only prevail upon them to inculcate and patronise rational and healthful recreations, instead of the brutalising sports of 'the fancy,' slang journalism, gambling, and cheap gin, with which they have debauched them; and, above all, if he could divert the revenues of the church from the enrichment of a few hundreds of pampered individuals, to the service of God, and the spiritual instruction of the whole people,—he would be an honour to the age in which he lives, and would build himself a lasting monument in the hearts of all succeeding generations."

*The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*  
Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 428. Edinburgh, 1833.  
Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

THIS is the first volume of the new series of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works, which is printed uniformly with his Novels. The combined series will form an unparalleled record of genius; for never before, in any literature, was the highest talent in poetry combined with the highest talent in prose until they met in the person of Sir Walter Scott. Who cares for the prose of Milton or Dryden, or remembers the series of attempts at poetry by Swift, or any of the verses of Fielding, or, with one or two small exceptions, of Smollett? Goldsmith, indeed, succeeded in both, but his range was limited. In other literatures, the verses of Cervantes, Lesage, or Boccaccio, are forgotten; and no one inquires what prose was written by Petrarch or Dante, Ariosto or Tasso, Camoens or Corneille. Voltaire alone can rival Sir Walter Scott in the command over prose and rhyme; but out of the burlesque, the witty, and the satirical, his power was not of the highest order; and it would be profanation to compare his jocular and caustic novels and poems, no matter how clever, with the spirit-stirring strains of the poet of Marmion, or the eloquence and pathos of the author of Waverley.

It is, however, far from our intention to criticise the works of Sir Walter Scott. That were telling a ten-times told tale—our business is with the volume before us. It consists of the Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, which Sir Walter appended to the edition of the Minstrelsy published in 1830—the original introduction of the edition of 1803, with the Appendix—the two dedications to the Dukes of Buccleuch—and the ballads of Sir Patrick Spens, Auld Maitland, the Battle of Otterbourne, the Song of the Outlaw Murray, Johnie Armstrong, Lord Ewrie, and the Lochmaben Harper,—with their notes. To the whole is prefixed the following "Advertisement" by Mr. Lockhart:—

"Two volumes of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border were published in 1802;—a third followed in 1803; and, in the course of subsequent editions, the arrangement of the ballads underwent various changes, and numerous additions were made to the notes. Sir Walter Scott drew up, in March 1830, the 'Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry,' which appear at the head of the present volume, and an 'Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad,' which will be given in the fourth volume of this edition. He kept by him, as long as his health permitted him to continue his literary pursuits, an interleaved copy of the collection by which his name was first established, inserting various readings as chance threw them in his way, and enriching his annotations with whatever new light conversation or books supplied. The Work is now printed according to the copy thus finally corrected,

with some notes, distinguished by brackets, in which the editor has endeavoured to compress such additional information concerning the incidents and localities mentioned in the Minstrelsy as he could gather from the private correspondence of Sir Walter Scott, now in his hands, or remembered to have dropt from his lips in the course of his rides among the scenery of border warfare. One of the reviewers of the Minstrelsy, when it first appeared, said, 'In this collection are the materials for scores of metrical romances.' This was a prophetic critic. In the text and notes of this early publication, we can now trace the primary incident, or broad outline, of almost every romance, whether in verse or in prose, which Sir Walter Scott built in after life on the history or traditions of his country. The editor has added references by which the reader will find it easy to compare the original detached anecdote, or brief sketch of character in these pages, with the expanded or embellished narratives and delineations of the author's greater poems and novels. The *airs* of some of these old ballads are for the first time appended to the present edition. The selection includes those which Sir Walter Scott himself liked the best; and they are transcribed, without variation, from the MSS. in his library. According to Mr. Motherwell, the editor of 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern, 1827,' the old ballads, which appeared for the first time in this collection, are forty-three in number, viz.: Auld Maitland, the Song of the Outlaw Murray, Lord Ewrie, the Lochmaben Harper, Jamie Telfer of the fair Dodhead, Kinmont Willie, the Death of Featherstonehaugh, Bartrame's Dirge, Archie o' Ca'field, Johnny Armstrong's Good Night, the Lads of Wamphray, the Battle of Philiphaugh, the Gallant Grahames, the Battle of Pentland Hill, the Battle of Loudon Hill, the Battle of Bothwell Bridge, Erlington, the Douglas Tragedy, Young Benjie, Proud Lady Margaret, Sir Hugh le Blond, Grene and Bewick, the Lament of the Border Widow, Johnie of Braidislee, Katharine Janfarie, the Dowie Dens of Yarrow, the Gay Goss-hawk, Brown Adam, Jellon Grahame, Willie's Lady, Clerk Saunders, the Demon Lover, Rose the Red and White Lily, Fause Foudrage, Kempton, the Wife of Usher's Well, King Henry, Prince Robert, Annan Water, the Cruel Sister, the Queen's Marie, the Bonny Hind, and Thomas the Rhymor. Mr. Motherwell adds,—'Fortunate it was for the heroic and legendary song of Scotland that the work was undertaken, and still more fortunate that its execution devolved upon one so well qualified in every respect to do its subject the most ample justice. Long will it live, a noble and interesting monument of his unwearied research, curious and minute learning, genius, and taste. It is truly a patriot's legacy to posterity; and much as it may be now esteemed, it is only in times yet gathering in the bosom of futurity, when the interesting traditions, the chivalrous and romantic legends, the wild superstitions, the tragic songs of Scotland, have wholly failed from the living memory, that this gift can be duly appreciated. It is then that these volumes will be coned with feelings akin to religious enthusiasm, that their strange and mystic lore will be treasured up in the heart as the precious record of days for ever passed away—that their grand stern legends will be listened to with reverential awe, as if the voice of a remote ancestor from the depths of the tomb, had woke the thrilling strains of martial antiquity.'—p. lxxix. The drawings executed for the illustration of the present volume, and indeed of all

the volumes of the series which it commences, are from the hand of Mr. Turner, to whom the subjects were pointed out by Sir Walter Scott, when that great artist visited him at Abbotsford in the autumn of 1830."

The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border does indeed contain the germ of all his after writings in prose and verse. The incidents of these ballads clung to his imagination to the last. A curious proof of this will be found in the fact, that one of the very last stories written by Sir Walter, the Laird's Jock, is told in the notes on his earliest work, the Minstrelsy, and precisely in the same spirit.

Mr. Lockhart has appended a few judicious notes. Sir Walter, in his introductory remarks on popular poetry, says,—

"The poetry of Homer argues a degree of perfection in an art which practice had already rendered regular, and concerning which his frequent mention of the bards, or chanters of poetry, indicates plainly that it was studied by many, and known and admired by all."

On which we have the following note:—

"Sir Walter Scott, as this paragraph intimates, never doubted that the Iliad and Odyssey were substantially the works of one and the same individual. He said of the Wolfian hypothesis, that it was the most *irreligious* one he had heard of, and could never be believed in by any poet.—Ed."

Lord Byron expressed the same opinion in words almost as strong.

We learn that Sir Walter's favourite ballad was Johnie Armstrong; and the stanzas in that ballad "which he most delighted to quote" were the following, which certainly are Homeric enough. Achilles never rated Agamemnon more rigorously than Johnie Armstrong does King James:—

"Ye lied, ye lied, now, King, he says,  
'Altho' a King and Prince ye be!  
For I've loved naething in my life,  
I weel dare say it, but honesty—  
'Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,  
Twa bonny dogs to kill a deer;  
But England sail have found me meal and mault,  
Gif I had lived this hundred year!  
'She suld have found me meal and mault,  
And beef and mutton in a plentie;  
But never a Scots wyfe could have said,  
'That e'er I skaith'd her a purr flea.  
'To seek het water beneath cauld ice,  
Surely it is a greit folle—  
I have asked grace at a graceless place,  
But there is nae for my men and me."

This last verse is often referred to in many of Sir Walter's works. The illustrations of this volume are a view of Carlisle, and a vignette of Smallholm tower, drawn by Turner and engraved by Goodall,—both, of course, in the first style of their respective arts. Is not the vignette, however, somewhat too large for the page? The original music of the Battle of Otterbourne, and Johnie Armstrong, such as Sir Walter loved to hear, is published after these ballads. It is wild and simple. We should have been satisfied with the *voce* part.

*A Letter to John Murray, Esq. "touching" Lord Nugent; in reply to a Letter from his Lordship, touching an Article in the Quarterly Review.* By the Author of that Article. 8vo. pp. 75. London, 1833. Murray.

At page 63 of this pamphlet, Mr. Southey refers to the *Literary Gazette* as having called Lord Nugent's Letter touching an Article in the *Quarterly Review*, "a very caustic and clever piece of controversial criticism;" and adds: "The caustic, indeed, is of such a kind that the author has blackened his hands in compounding the materials, and the stain will re-

main upon them as long as he lives. His lordship says, in a quotation,—

"Nay, an' he mouth it,  
I can rant as well as he!"

He has ranted to some purpose. It would not be easy to find a more egregious specimen of blustering in controversy,—of the *fee-faw-fum* style; nor any composition in which the author has contrived so completely to unite in himself the characteristic qualities of Braggadochio and of Trompart.

"If my pride,  
Or any bold assurance of my worth,  
Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me,  
I am justly punished."

Now, though Mr. Southey has, in good truth, sorely mauled his lordship in this rejoinder, we are not ashamed of the opinion we gave, on a hasty glance at the preceding publication, received, like the present, on Friday morning, as our weekly sheet was preparing for the press. We entered not into the controversy, but spoke merely of the style and talent displayed; but we are in honesty and justice bound to admit, that we would not even have gone the length we did, had we been aware of such arguments as are adduced in the production before us.

It is, indeed, one of Southey's most severe inflictions; and, without ranging ourselves on the side of Whig or Tory, of Hampden or Strafford, we must say, that as a piece of literary composition in the school of controversy, it is one which will hardly be forgotten. We have barely time to quote a passage or two.

"Mr. Southey is a veteran author, who has been accustomed to literary calumnies for more than thirty years. Once for all, he has answered such slanderers in his letter to Mr. William Smith; and *hæc Nugæ* will call forth nothing serious from him.

"Che offende  
Chi offeso l'ha, da molti si difende."

His lordship may look upon that letter as indorsed to himself. There are some creatures, says Bishop Reynolds, who the more they sting, the less they hurt. But Lord Nugent has no sting: in his endeavours to sting Mr. Southey, he resembles a great bluebottle fly, who buzzes about as if he fancied that he had one, and, meaning to be formidable, succeeds only so far as to render himself offensive. Strong arguments, I willingly admit, may be urged against the practice of anonymous criticism; nor am I by any means satisfied that more evil may not arise from it than good, as it is commonly carried on: but that the name of the writer is no guarantee against unmannerliness, and even brutality of style, Lord Nugent has just afforded flagrant proof."

The great points at issue are, whether Charles I. was driven to violence by the penuriousness of his parliamentary grants; and whether the Earl of Bedford and his friends, including Pym and Hampden, would not have accepted power and coalesced with Strafford—being disappointed in which, they persecuted him to the death. On both these Mr. Southey is tremendously strong, as he is also on the subject of passive obedience in reference to Hampden's single speech; of which he says,—

"I come now, sir, to Hampden's single speech; and I will here transcribe the whole of your noble correspondent's remarks upon this subject, without omitting a single insult; the reader may then be enabled to form a clear judgment between the *Quarterly* reviewer and his excellency George Baron Nugent—by birth; Governor-General of the Ionian islands—by grace of Earl Grey's administration; and Lord

of Lillies—by his own creation—for his excellency is many-titled, as well as the person at whose many-tailed name he scoffs.) Perhaps, Mr. Murray, if he be of a complexion that is rubified by inward emotions, his countenance, when he is perusing certain parts of this letter, and feeling how richly he has deserved them, may shew cause why he should be called the Lord of Roses also."

We can only give one other sample.

"I will tell you, sir, how it is that Lord Nugent has been led to act in a manner which has excited the sorrow of his own friends, as much as it has the mingled indignation and contempt of mine. It is because 'sin has plucked on sin;' because he was conscious that in his *Memorials of Hampden* he had sacrificed truth to party spirit;—that he had dissembled the rank offences of his political saint, and attempted to vindicate him by disingenuous means. Having practised these unworthy arts, it was an easy step for him, when he found that they did not pass undetected by the *Quarterly Reviewer*, to assail, with slanderous malignity, one who had repelled the deceitful insinuations that his lordship had aimed against him."

#### *Archer's Tours in Upper India.*

CAPTAIN ARCHER is too agreeable a companion to be parted from after a single rencontre, and we therefore gladly resume our acquaintance with his volume, and again traverse with it the upper regions of India. In the beginning of April the hill scenery opened upon its European visitors; and a few miles from Simlah, it is thus painted:—

"We passed through a forest of large pine and oak, and among them the rhododendron in all its blaze of beauty. Here, it is no dwarfish shrub, but a magnificent forest-tree, reaching to the height of thirty feet, and one rich mass of the deepest green studded with its crimson flowers. No tree that grows can compare to the luxuriant richness of the rhododendron for its deep cold green and warm blushing red. Nor were they in units or even dozens. A mountain's side was clothed with them, as thick as they could grow; so much so that the eye vainly sought to catch a glimpse between them. Pines were there of all kinds, the Weymouth, stone, alpine, and others. Larches, oaks, holly, and various kinds of shrubs underneath presented a most ravishing sight to the botanist. So new and so very beautiful did all things appear, that we were quite enchanted. The fern, the wild-rose, just budding and wealthy in its treasures; the violet of paler hue and lessened sweets than its kindred of European climes; the blackberry, strawberry, and geranium, were thickly strewn. The atmosphere was light, the sun's power was tempered to coolness, and all Nature seemed changed from what we knew her two days before; the change was most grateful to the feelings, more so than can possibly be described."

A little higher up an amusement of the people is described, of which we do not remember to have read before—

"A long round pole of fourteen feet was made to balance horizontally on the point of an upright post firmly fastened in the earth, a hole being cut in the long pole to receive the point of the upright; when fixed, the long one was breast high: the game consisted in two boys or men, (for the latter appeared as fond of the pastime as their juniors,) each balancing himself on the opposite ends, and then running once or twice round, putting themselves into

exceeding quick motion; away they went spinning alternately up and down, and then the art was to get off without injury, for he who was last on was sure to get a fall, and sometimes a severe one. Great was the glee with which the villagers partook of the sport."

The following portion of the onward and upward tour contains interesting particulars:—

"May 9, Friday.—Quitted Dallas at a quarter to five; thermometer 54°. Ascended for a mile or so: crossed a ridge, and descended to a stream running to the east. This slope is beautiful, having two or three villages and some good fields. Crossed the stream and continued along the face of the opposite side; rounding it about half-way up, reached the village of 'Shumsher-ka-Mahadeo,' an odd name enough, as it signifies the sword of the god Mahadeo. The people were Bramins, and as far as I could understand them, they were all of one family. Having been prepared to expect inhospitality at this village, I put the head folks into good humour, and all things went smoothly: no difficulties were made. I took up my abode in the porch of the outer square of the temple, and made myself at home. The temple is one of great repute, the ceremony of a 'Jug' being performed annually. This consists of a man sliding down a large rope, which is fastened to some overhanging rock or tree, and the lower end being brought to another fixture, is stretched to its utmost, sometimes across a small valley. The operator voluntarily offers to ride down in honour of the god. Should the rope break, which does not often occur, the man, as may easily be supposed, breaks his neck, and the temple loses its odour of sanctity until some more fortunate individual successfully performs the feat. He then receives a largess from the Bramins, and the crowd liberally contribute their gifts in money, ornaments, and goods: the rope, which is made of grass, is afterwards passed round the sanctum of the temple, just under the projecting part of the roof, and is there preserved. The temple is roofed with slate, and part of it is of very neat workmanship. I was told that the artists of Kooloo excel those of other hill states; the stone work must be very ancient, or the climate very inimical to its preservation, as the imagery and carving upon upright stones round the court-yard, though rude, had marks of apparent great antiquity. The deity worshipped here is under the name of 'Siva,' or the destroying power."

The character of these highlanders is very different from that of the inhabitants of the low country; as appears from the author's notice of a Kooloo fair.

"The appearance of the people at the fair was as interesting as it was quite new to me. Men and women seemed to be on the most equal footing as to behaviour; and to judge from the joyous countenances and voluble tongues of the fair sex, they here have no cause to complain of Asiatic restraints: indeed, so much was it to the contrary, that I was surprised at the free and unconstrained manners, which, let me be understood, evinced nothing but independence of character, and emancipation from all jealous preventions, and demonstrated an hilarity and pleasure alike theirs in common with those of the other sex; all this doubtless arises from peculiar customs and habits. In the dress of the women, there was an approach to that of the mountaineers of Europe; their bonnets had a great resemblance in shape to those of the Scotch, and there was even an attempt at a nearer resemblance in a variety of colours round the lower part. Every person,

male and female, had festoons depending from the top of the cap down one side the head: these were composed of the flowers of the wild-rose and hawthorn, and other beautiful kinds, which, while they set off the head-piece of the lieges, literally perfumed the air wherever they went. The dress of the women was a longish jacket outside their nether garments, of which, (may I meet forgiveness!) I am ignorant of the appellation. They were all dressed in their best, laughed hugely, and talked long and loudly; they appeared to be making quite a holiday of the short time before them. Among them all, there was but one who had the most distant pretension to good looks, and the small modicum, of which she herself was fully aware, (and where is the lady who is not?) was mainly to be set down to the score of her youth; but this same accident of nature contributes to render the countenance of a young pig interesting."

In September the author set out with a party to visit a striking pass, called Borendo, in the Mahasoo Range—their starting point being 8030 feet above the sea, and "much exposed to the influence of storms, and of lightning particularly. The whole range is seen from Simlah, over which it completely looks: a dark forest of huge pines, many of them twenty feet in girth, and one hundred and twenty feet high, forms a fit mantle for it. There are a few spots of level surface, which would suit the building of houses were it not for the liability of being struck by the electric fluid, a circumstance, judging by the numerous trees completely rifted from the top to the bottom, of very common occurrence."

"Nature was here in some of her most commanding and interesting features: the height to which we had attained—the huge rocks overhanging precipices of great depth—the trees on the largest scale, (oak, pine, ilex, sycamore, nut, and yew, with thick beds of alpine strawberries beneath them)—the prodigious extent of our gaze to the south,—all conspired to make this morning's march even more pleasurable than the last. On the pass being gained, the road wound through a forest of cedars, oak, and pine, and so thick did they stand, that there was not room for a tree to fall when decayed by age, or killed by lightning. Many of them had bowed to its stroke. One close to the road, measured seventeen feet in circumference; the soil, from the accumulation of the leaves of ages, is a rich black mould, lying to a great depth. If one of these forests was left undisturbed, it would always renew its population, for there are below the parent tree a succession of young plants, which in time assume the places of the old ones."

One of these monarchs of the wood is afterwards mentioned near Nulroo, and well deserves to be noticed.

"On our march, passed an extraordinary large tree to the left; it was so large and so magnificent in Bernier's time as to be noticed by him. Formerly it was one tree; but shoots have sprung out from the parent stem, which from age has fallen, but has left a forest of trees connected with each other. It is of the species Banian, or Ficus Indica. It has a most venerable appearance: if care were taken, the parts now standing would multiply ad infinitum. It covers upwards of an acre, but its height is not remarkable."

In another Number we may resume this review, as the author enters into some statements at the conclusion, which bear upon the great East India question now at issue: but as we have several works which treat of the same im-

portant subject, we had better, perhaps, view them together, and content ourselves with saying of Captain Archer's arguments, that they seem to bear hard against the Company as now constituted.

#### *The Bath and Bristol Magazine, or Western Miscellany. Vol. I. 1832.*

PROVINCIAL periodicals have been often tried in different parts of the country, but hitherto they have never succeeded in attaining much popularity or influence. We are induced to notice the present volume, as it contains papers of superior merit, by scholars who are not in the habit of locating the result of their studies in productions of this class. We see the names, and recognise the lucubrations, of John S. and P. B. Duncan of Oxford, Sir George Gibbes, Col. Daubeny, the Rev. E. Mangin, the Rev. E. Simms, Dr. Falconer, the Rev. G. F. Whitridge, James Montgomery, &c. A volume to which such authors contribute has more than common claims on our attention and curiosity; and the subjects of their respective essays are also attractive. Besides some judicious criticisms and biographical memoirs, we find essays "on the origin of the gipsys;" "on apparitions;" "a gentleman's day at Rome," by a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of taste, i. e. P. B. Duncan; "on salt lakes;" "on the Bath waters," by Sir George Gibbes; "on the order of nature;" "on scandal, on drawing, and on epitaphs;" "on Virgil and his translators," &c. Wishing success to this original and well-written periodical, we hope to renew our acquaintance with it at the end of a second volume.

#### *Alphabet of Scientific Gardening, for the Use of Beginners. By James Rennie, M.A., Professor of Botany in King's College. 32mo. pp. 120. London, 1833. Orr.*

A VERY useful introduction to the scientific principles of a very delightful pursuit. This little treatise is, we believe, the first attempt that has been made to give a philosophical view of horticulture. The professor is entitled to our thanks.

#### *A Practical Grammar of the French Language; being a concise System of French Accidence and Syntax, with copious Examples, illustrative Exercises for reciprocal Translations, and synoptic Tables. By L. Edward Peithman, LL.D. &c. 12mo. pp. 240. Oxford, 1833. A. Douglas.*

AMONG the innumerable French grammars that have been published, this is, perhaps, far from being the worst; at the same time, we cannot find any thing in it to warrant our preferring it to those on which experience has placed the stamp of excellence. It would be very desirable if teachers of languages could be made to understand, that it is by no means incumbent upon them each to publish a grammar of his own. Proficiency cannot be shewn, where compilation is so easy.

#### *Prose e Poesie Originali. Original Prose and Poetry. By Ed. Angelini. 12mo. pp. 59. London, 1833. Dulau.*

SOME sweet poetry, with an amusing account of some particulars of the life of Paganini.

#### *The Floricultural Cabinet and Florist's Magazine. No. I. Conducted by J. Harrison.*

A PERIODICAL devoted to the culture of flowers—we wish it may flourish. The plates, we think, might be better executed; and we would suggest the propriety of their agreeing

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with the text in the accentuation of botanical names. The one presents us with *veronica*, the other with *veronica*; the latter alone being correct.

*Arena of Science and Art; or, an Annual Register of useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries, and new Facts, &c.* Sixth year. 12mo. pp. 312. London, 1833. Limbird. An excellent digest of all that novelty has produced in art or science during the last year. The design is highly commendable, as it affords at a glance a view of what we should otherwise have to search for through numerous volumes.

*A Plain Account of Vaccination, designed for the Heads of Families; wherein the History, Advantages, and Errors of this Subject are popularly treated.* By A. B. C. Pp. 58. London, 1833. Renshaw and Rush.

It is there the least remaining prejudice existing against the practice of vaccination, this little brochure is, we think, amply calculated to remove them effectually. Though briefly, the subject is very well treated; and we confidently recommend it to the notice of those to whom it is addressed. The description of the vaccine vesicle is minute and accurate.

*Bibliotheca Classica; or, a Classical Dictionary, on a Plan entirely new; containing an authentic and minute Account of the Proper Names which occur in Greek and Latin Authors, relating to History, Biography, Mythology, Geography, and Antiquities.* By John Dymock, LL.D. and Thomas Dymock, M.A. 8vo. pp. 927. London, 1833. Longman and Co.

A most excellent work, which no reader of the classics or ancient history should be without. It is very far superior to any of the kind. Every article is properly authenticated, and the quotations marked. We consider giving the quantities of each syllable of the names wherever they occur, to be highly judicious and useful, and well calculated for the instruction of younger students. Another point, which we cannot refrain from recommending, is the practice which the authors have adopted of calling by their proper names, *Virgilius*, *Horatius*, *Ovidius*, instead of the Anglicised *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*. This, though at first it may sound pedantic, has common sense in its favour, and will, at length, we have little doubt, supersede the bad habit of disfiguring classical names, which we have borrowed from the French. The articles are exceedingly lucid and well written: the authors invariably give the modern name for every city, mountain, and river; in fact, we have a complete body of ancient geography, history, &c. The *Bibliotheca Classica* should be in the library of every reader of the Greek and Latin authors. We cordially recommend it.

*A Practical Appeal to the Public, through a Series of Letters, in Defence of the new System of Physic by the illustrious Hahnemann, &c. Letter I.* By John Borthwick Gilchrist, LL.D. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 100. London, 1833. Parbury, Allen, and Co.

Dr. GILCHRIST, grateful for recovering from a long attack of hypochondriasis, undertakes the defence of the practice by which he imagines he has been cured. Far be it from us to quarrel with so amiable an act. Our readers are probably aware that the system of the "illustrious" Hahnemann is what he calls home-

opathy: a system which, in a few words, consists in this, that he cures diseases by infinitely small doses of that substance which in a large dose would produce the disease,—hence the name. Thus he would treat an inflammation of the stomach with an infinitely small dose, *ex. gr.* the thousandth of a grain of oxyde of arsenic or corrosive sublimate. It is in defence of this notable system, which, to give it its due, is sufficiently fanciful, that Dr. Gilchrist stands forward on the present occasion. We hardly think he will prove successful. We congratulate the doctor on his recovery, and should be glad to learn from him how much share his imagination has had in it? and, speaking dispassionately, whether he does not think that, with equal confidence on his part, the bread-pill system would not have been quite as serviceable to him? The doctor has, however, produced an amusing, rambling, gossiping pamphlet; and we are indebted to him for half an hour's amusement, although we cannot say that he has succeeded in persuading us to submit our ailments to the homeopathic treatment. We happen to know that the god of his idolatry was compelled to quit a town in Germany, owing to the ill success of his practice there.

*Iddio e l' Uomo, Salterio di Gabriele Rossetti, Professore di Lingua e Letteratura Italiana nel Collegio del Re in Londra.—God and Man; a Psalter, by Gabriel Rossetti, Professor of the Italian Language, &c. King's College, London.* 12mo. pp. 224. London, 1833. Rolandi.

SOME very beautiful sacred Italian poetry. We particularly admire the ninth psalm of the second psalmody, entitled, "La Visione." The professor displays poetical powers of a high order.

*Pensieri e Poesie di Guido Sorelli da Firenze, Traduttore di Milton.—Thoughts and Poems, by Guido Sorelli, of Florence, Translator of Milton.* 12mo. pp. 86. London, 1833. Dulau.

THE principal part of Signor Sorelli's little volume consists of thoughts suggested to him on the day he wrote the last line of his translation of the *Paradise Lost*. They are in that beautiful metre the *tersa rima*. They are natural and exceedingly well expressed, in the most beautiful of the European languages.

*A new Grammar of the Portuguese and English Languages; in two Parts; adapted to both Nations, &c.* By Luis Francesco Medori. 8vo. pp. 248. London, 1833. Dulau.

Two grammars in one,—the first a Portuguese grammar in English for Englishmen; the second an English grammar in Portuguese for Portuguese. They are both very clear and concise. We could have wished that the author had given a few rules for Portuguese pronunciation; they are of use, though not much. He has given the English verb according to the old fashion of some dozen tenses, instead of only two, past and present. We hope a second edition will correct this.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Read, Remarks on a few rare Scottish plants, chiefly from the Clova mountains, by Mr. Don. No part of Scotland presents a richer field for the botanist than the range of lofty mountains which bounds the upper part of Forfarshire,—a region famous for containing many

of those interesting additions made to the British Flora by the author's father, the late Mr. George Don, of Forfar, and which the interesting discoveries of recent investigations have shewn to be still far from being exhausted of novelties. The author observed, that the vegetation of Clova is remarkable for its comparative luxuriance; many plants of similar species being found of a more gigantic size than are to be met with in the other mountain districts of Scotland; and in general they are found at much lower elevations on the Clova range, which may, perhaps, sufficiently account for their increase in size. The author's remarks chiefly related to *Lychnis alpina*, *Mulgedium alpinum*, and *Molinia depauperata*. The specimens from Clova of the former were found to agree precisely with those in the Linnean herbarium. Of *Mulgedium alpinum* (*Sonchus alpinus* of Linnæus) there is no specimen in the Linnean herbarium; the plant so named being from North America, and proving to be the *Sonchus spicatus* of Lamarck, which the late Sir J. E. Smith was induced to publish as the real *alpinus*. *Molinia depauperata* the author regards as only a variety of *Molinia caerulea*.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

F. BAILY, Esq. in the chair. A paper by S. H. Christie, Esq. relating to improvements in methods and instruments for effecting magneto-electric experiments, was read. The character of this paper—difficult to be comprehended on a first reading—prevents us from any further notice of Mr. Christie's communication at present. The King of Holland presented to the Society the "Flora" of Batavia. Members were elected, and other routine business transacted.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

LORD ABERDEEN in the chair.—Mr. Williment exhibited a very beautiful cast belonging to Mr. Ambrose Pointer, from a figure of St. George, preserved in a museum at Dijon. It is about two feet high, and in the most perfect knightly costume of the end of the 14th century:—a short description was communicated by Mr. Williment. A further portion was read of Mr. Daniel Gurney's extracts from the household book of the family of Lestrangle, of Norfolk, temp. Henry VIII., illustrative of the habits of life, and the value of various articles at that period.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

MEETING of April 3. The Rev. Dr. Richards, V.P. in the chair. A further portion of the analysis of the Rajah Kalee Krishna's translations from the Sanscrit was read. The Rajah's second volume formed the subject of this reading. It consists chiefly of moral sentences, called slokas, or enlightened moonies, selected from seven highly esteemed works in that ancient language. The selections are well calculated for diffusing a knowledge of the doctrines contained in the Sanscrit books, and likewise to do good by impressing valuable moral maxims on the mind of the reader—the twofold object proposed by the translator.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—The Armenian language is little understood in this country even by Oriental scholars, nor have travellers into the eastern part of Asia, either for pleasure or business, troubled themselves about its attainment, though its

acquisition might be beneficial in a national point of view, as opening a new field for commercial enterprise. Not so in France:—there the language is studied, and its professors receive from the government considerable encouragement.

As a specimen of Armenian literature, I send you a free translation, or rather a paraphrase, of an ingenious fable; it being difficult to convey the terseness and spirit of the original in a literal version, without an abandonment of all poetical grace.

#### THE HORSE AND THE OX:—A FABLE.

*Jeze leu Thzin Khosietzan, &c.*

Screened from the sun and piercing wind,  
As once an ox at ease reclined,  
A sprightly steed, who sought the shade,  
His limbs beside his neighbour's laid,  
And entering into friendly chat,—  
The horse exclaimed, "I'd fain debate,  
Which of us, in our destined station,  
Is of most service to the nation!"  
The ox turned round, and said, "Agreed;  
To name your virtues, pray proceed."

"Born," quoth the horse, "of high degree,  
I boast a line of ancestry,  
And all their qualities inherit—  
Their strength, their fleetness, and their spirit.  
In courses oft I win the race,  
Am deemed the foremost in the chase;  
In tournaments skill'd, alert and gay,  
I bear the splendid prize away;  
In warfare, with a martial glow,  
Rush with destruction on the foe;  
At fêtes, equipped with costly bit,  
Kings, peers, and damsels, on me sit;  
Nay, all the wealthy of the land  
Are pleased my service to command:  
While you, an honest drudge, I vow,  
Seem only born to drag a plough."

"That may be true," the ox replied;  
"But lay these haughty airs aside;  
The point at issue is, you know,  
Not one of pleasure, pomp, or show;  
Were that the case, I might incline  
To grant your worth surpasses mine.  
But cast your eye athwart the plain,  
See how it teems with ripening grain!  
The mountain's side, the upland field,  
What crops, what plenteous stores they yield!  
'Whence do they shout for joy, and smile,'  
Save through my industry and toil?  
Did I forbear to till the earth,  
Would it spontaneously bring forth  
The corn, with which you're daily fed,  
That gives to kings 'their staff of bread'?"  
No—they (and all your race who favour)  
Live by the produce of my labour:—  
Be wise, then, and no rudeness shew  
To one to whom so much you owe,  
And learn, not wealth, nor rank, nor birth,  
But usefulness stamps real worth."

JOHN BELFOUR.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

[Fifth and concluding Notice.]

HAVING pointed out to our readers some of the chief attractions in this interesting display of native talent, our limits, and the long perspective of forthcoming exhibitions, will compel us to be very brief in our farther remarks.

No. 288, *Landscape on the Seine, early morning*, J. W. Allen; and No. 302, *Hastings, noon*, J. Tennant—are brought into

\* "The valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing."—Ps. lxx. 12.

juxtaposition with very happy effect; as are also No. 359, *Wood Scene, Kent*, F. M. Lee, and No. 366, *Village of Little Hempstone, near Totness, Devon*, F. W. Watts. No. 296, *The Parish Pay-day*, P. F. Poole. Disagreeable in subject, but admirably executed. No. 332, *The Toilet*, R. T. Lonsdale. A cabinet gem. No. 339, *Retribution*; and No. 348, *Persecution*, G. Lane. Gems also in their way. No. 155, *Coast Scene, with Figures*; and No. 399, *Scene in Wales*, W. Shayer. Fine examples of the picturesque, and of Mr. Shayer's skill in depicting it. No. 34, *Eton College, moonlight*; and No. 349, *Interior, with Donkeys*, E. Childe; exhibit the versatility of this artist's powers to great advantage. No. 466, *The Finding of Perdita*, A. Woolmer. A vision of splendid effect. No. 483, *Scene in Windsor Forest*, J. Stark. Had Mr. Stark lived in the times of heathen superstition, he would have been a great favourite with the hamadryades.

We have already mentioned the drawings of D. M'Clise, J. Martin, S. J. Rochard, and J. M. Moore, as eminently conspicuous for their taste, and the beauty of their execution. The productions in this department of art of J. J. Jenkins, E. V. Rippengale, T. Scandrett, G. Sintzenich, the late T. Baxter, Mrs. W. Thers, W. Spry, W. H. Brooke, &c. are also entitled to great praise. Mrs. James Robertson, Miss Reynolds, W. Barclay, S. J. Stump, W. Booth, &c. have contributed a number of beautiful miniatures.

There are many excellent busts in the Sculpture-room; but, with the exception of some exquisite heads of children by C. Moore and H. Weekes, they are interesting chiefly to the friends of the originals. Among the subjects of fancy, Nos. 834 and 844, *Quarter-Staff Players*, J. Bell, admirably exhibit the muscular powers of the human frame; and seem to threaten with instant destruction, No. 839, *A Statue of Mercury, in marble*, C. Rossi, R.A. which is placed between them. No. 873, *Hawking, from a model by E. Cotterill, in silver*, Messrs. Garrods; Nos. 819, *Design from Old Mortality*, and 828, *Design from Waverley*, E. Cotterill; No. 858, *Alto-relievo, the Outrage of the Centaurs at the Nuptials of Pirithous and Hippodamia*, W. Pitts; and No. 872, *An Equestrian Group of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, after the Battle of Waterloo, attended by Victory and Fame, in bronze*, a sketch, C. Rossi, R.A.—are all well deserving of attention. Most of the engravings in this room have already come under our notice. One exception, No. 788, *Deer-Stalking, painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.*, J. Bromley, is admirably executed.

But a proof of the merits of this exhibition, much more satisfactory than our commendation, is to be found in the fact, that the sale of works has been much more extensive than, during the same period of time, on any former occasion.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE ASSOCIATED PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second notice.]

We have already stated that we consider the present exhibition a marked improvement upon that of last season. Notwithstanding, however, the variety and talent which it displays, we recommend in this, and in other cases, the adoption of a more severe principle of selection, in order to prevent the country from being inundated by mediocre works of art.

No. 108, *Saint Michael's Mount, Cornwall*, C. Bentley.—A drawing of larger di-

mensions we do not recollect to have ever seen, and seldom one of superior merit. The artist has invested his subject with the most awful and sublime character. The contemplation of a vessel in a situation of such imminent peril, cannot fail to remind the spectator of the words of the old ballad:

"Ye gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease,  
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas!"

Mr. Bentley has several other smaller drawings in the room, which for facility and spirit of execution and effect demand the highest praise.

No. 15, *The Present*; No. 25, *A Day's Sport*, G. Sidney Shepherd.—Exquisite representations of dead game. Mr. Shepherd's landscapes also are distinguished by their simplicity and truth: for example, No. 32, *Stonemason's Yard*; No. 74, *Sunset after a Storm*; No. 168, *Bricklayers*.

No. 43, *Cat watching Butterfly*; No. 129, *Kitten*, J. M. Burbank.—Attractively natural. The fixed attention of the first, and the arch playfulness of the second, are equally well depicted.

No. 88, *Burlington Piers*; No. 117, *Peter Boats*, G. Chambers.—In these and other beautiful drawings, Mr. Chambers has shewn that he possesses in water-colours the same power which in his pictures in oil has so recently called forth the expression of our admiration.

Nos. 70 and 211, *Chapel at Houghton in the Dale, Norfolk*, J. Nash.—Rich in architectural grandeur, and splendid in colouring.

No. 177, *Canal Scene, morning*; No. 178, *Windsor Castle from the Brocas Meadows*, G. F. Phillips.—Nothing can exceed the light, simple, yet brilliant effect of these two drawings.

No. 198, *Study from Nature*, J. Holland.—Similar in character to the last-mentioned drawings, although different in subject. There is great elegance in the forms of the composition.

No. 5, *Coast Scene*, T. Gibson.—Deep and rich in colour; with a powerful solemnity of effect.

No. 62, *The little Shrimper's Favourite*, G. Sidney Shepherd.—In this expressive and sparkling little figure, we see a further display of Mr. Shepherd's versatility of talent.

No. 12, *Howden Dyke, on the Humber*, A. G. Vickers.—With no great strength of colour, the effect is quite delightful.

No. 31, *Rome from the Gardens above the Inquisition*, W. Linton.—A charming little drawing.

No. 149, *Entrance to Harfleur*; No. 156, *Near Gravesend*, C. R. Stanley.—Executed with Mr. Stanley's usual talent.

Nos. 54 and 55, *Interior of Haddon Hall*;

No. 61, *Aspatiria Church, Cumberland*, S. R. Lines.—Full of the character of the olden time. Mr. Lines has done ample justice to his subjects.

No. 157, *Child with Dog*, Miss F. Corbaux.—Fine examples of both; and in a mellow, broad style of colouring and handling.

No. 96, *The Poacher's Reflections*, J. Phillips. An unaffected drawing, but full of thought.

No. 268, *The Doctor puzzled, or the School-Fever*, H. P. Riviere.—Clever and amusing.

No. 73, *Fishermen, &c.*, S. Albertin.—There is an elegance about this drawing worthy of the pencil of Cipriani.

No. 130, *Basket of Grapes, &c.*, V. Bartholomew.—Delicious. Not to be surpassed in rich colouring and finished execution.

No. 35. *Anthony, the Otter-hunter, benighted at Loughna Mucka.* W. H. Brooke.—From the "Wild Sports of Ireland;" and certainly no artist is better qualified to represent the humours of the Irish character than Mr. Brooke.

No. 223. *Four Sketches from Nature.* R. W. Buss.—The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

No. 228. *Cutting an Old Acquaintance.* C. Hancock.—A highly entertaining scene; faithfully imitating its frequent prototype in human life.

No. 199. *Cattle.* T. S. Cooper.—A little Paul Potter.

The Screen on one of its sides is rich in fruit and flowers; among which we particularly observed No. 310, *Flowers*, Miss E. Duncumb; and No. 330, *Fruit from Nature*, Mrs. Dennis Deighton.

We have thus glanced at some of the most striking performances in this very pleasing exhibition; but there are many others highly creditable to the artists by whom they have been produced, and which will greatly contribute to the gratification of the visitor.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Townley Museum.* J. Zoffany, R.A. Engraved by Worthington. London, Molteno and Graves.

We are glad to see an engraved transcript of a picture so interesting in the history of the fine arts as this is; so that the portraits and *virtù* which have so long adorned a single collection, may now, in a new and pleasing form, be the ornament of many a portfolio. The print is of a large size, executed in the line manner, and does great justice to Zoffany's remarkable painting.

*Costume of the Royal Navy and Marines.* By L. Mansion and St. Eschazier. London, Andrews and Co.

ANOTHER part of this characteristic publication, and equal in merit to the first, of the accuracy and able execution in the colouring of which we spoke in high terms. We have here No. 5. two groups of Captains R.N., 6. two surgeons, and 7. two Purser's and a Captain's Clerk, in their habits as they live. The drawing, attitudes, and general management, are all clever, and add to the merit of the series.

*St. Aldgate's Almshouses, Oxford.* Drawn and etched by W. A. Delamotte.

This clever little etching is rendered interesting to the antiquary by the fact, that in these almshouses (formerly a priory) Charles the First's reformed Parliament sat during their stay at Oxford. They stand opposite Christ Church, and are soon to be pulled down, to make room for the new front of Pembroke College.

*Specimens of Ancient Furniture, drawn from existing Authorities.* By Henry Shaw, F.S.A. Part II. Pickering.

We entirely agree with the publisher of this work that it will prove exceedingly valuable to "the antiquary who desires a perfect idea of any article of furniture mentioned by Froissart, Chaucer, or Shakespeare; the architect who wishes for standard authorities for the restoration or imitation of ancient buildings; the painter who is anxious to produce an historical picture which shall challenge the most fastidious criticism; or the histrionic manager who is ambitious in scenery to rival John Kemble's correctness in costume." The most curious and interesting plate in the

present number, is a representation of an oak cabinet, in the possession of T. R. Braddyll, Esq. Cornishead Priory, Lancashire.

*The Right Hon. Corisande A. L. Sophie, Countess of Tankerville.* Engraved by Cochran, from a miniature by Mrs. Mees. Bull.

THE embellishment of the March number of the *Court Magazine*. Rather voluptuous in the design, but beautifully engraved.

*Anecdotes of William Hogarth.* Parts IV. & V. Nichols and Son.

THESE parts complete this valuable little publication. The earlier portions of it, which were chiefly occupied with selections from the various biographies of, and commentaries on, Hogarth, by Walpole, Gilpin, Ireland, Christie, Phillips, Knight, Britton, Cunningham, Hazlitt, Lamb, &c. have already been noticed in the *Literary Gazette*. Mr. Nichols has evidently taken much pains with the catalogue of the paintings, drawings, and prints; and the volume abounds with curious and minute particulars, useful to the collector.

*The Spirit of the Plays of Shakespeare.* Exhibited in a Series of Outline Plates, drawn and engraved by F. Howard. No. XXIV. Cadell, &c.

*FINIS coronat opus.* We are bound in common justice to say, that we think this concluding Number of Mr. Howard's very arduous undertaking decidedly superior to any of its predecessors. It illustrates "the Winter's Tale," in nineteen plates; all of them possessing great merit, and the greater part of them, particularly plates 3, 4, 7, 9, 11, 16, and 19, especially beautiful compositions. A postscript states, very perspicuously, the object which the artist had in view, and explains the deviations which he has occasionally made in his treatment of several of Shakespeare's characters from the hitherto received opinions on the subject. When we consider the number of plates—no fewer than four hundred and eighty-three—of which the work consists, and the skill and research which have been bestowed upon them, we cannot but agree with Mr. Howard, that he has produced the most extensive, and the most complete, series of illustrations of any poet ever published.

*Appendix to the first eight Parts of Finden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.* Edited by W. Brockedon, Esq.

THE frontispiece, "Gibraltar," from a drawing by Turner, and the vignette in the title-page, "Villeneuve," from a drawing by Stanfield, are the only portions of this interesting and valuable volume which can be properly noticed in this part of our publication; and when we state, that in spirit and beauty they are equal to any of the plates which have appeared in the progress of the work itself, what higher praise can we bestow upon them?

*A Series of Views in India, comprising Sketches of Scenery, Antiquities, and Native Character.* Drawn from Nature and on stone by Capt. John Luard, 16th Lancers. Part II. London, Dickinson.

"INDIA in every respect," Captain Luard justly remarks, "is so unlike Europe, that it is difficult to convey to the minds of those who have never been there, just conceptions of the customs of the country." The same observation is applicable to its scenery. The public, therefore, must always receive with interest works like the present, executed by one who

has had ample means of information, and who evidently possesses considerable powers as an artist. The prints in this part are "Indian Armour," "Camp at Shekoabad," "Selim Gurh," "A Bugeerow," "Roomee Durwaza," and "Skinner's Horse." They are accompanied by brief, but pleasing and satisfactory descriptions.

*Portraits of the principal Female Characters in the Waverley Novels.* Part V. Chapman and Hall.

Of the four heads in the present Part, "Minna" and "Brenda" are our favourites. Mr. Etty has well embodied the high and contemplative character of the former; and Mr. Leslie the more effeminate, and therefore the more attractive beauty of the latter.

*Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.* Parts XV. and XVI. Chapman and Co.

IT is gratifying to see in these Parts no fewer than three plates, viz. "Hill of Hoy," "Stromness," and "Cathedral of St. Magnus," from sketches by her grace the Duchess of Sutherland. They do great credit to the ability and taste of the fair and noble artist.

*Ecce Homo, after Guido; Madonna, after Carlo Dolce;* engraved by W. Nicholas. Ackermann.

Two very clever little mezzotints. The head of our Saviour is especially beautiful.

*Gems of British Landscape.* From drawings made upon the spot by C. Marshall. No. II. Gibbs.

"WARWICK Castle," "Stonehenge," and "Snowdon." Executed with great spirit and painter-like feeling; but sadly too black. The last mentioned, in particular, would be greatly improved if it could be a little *snow'd on*.

*Illustrations to Prinsep's Journal of a Voyage from Calcutta to Van Diemen's Land.* Smith and Elder.

HALF-A-DOZEN pretty little lithographic sketches.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

POMPEII.

June 1828.

No! Time hath had no secret hold on thee,  
Uncharnell'd city, of the matchless doom!  
No worm of dull decay hath pierc'd thy gloom,  
Nor ivy wove a web, thy shroud to be:  
These are of common lots the pageantry,  
Of earth's receding pride the after-bloom.  
'Tis thine, to stand recover'd from the tomb,  
Unstamp'd by each revolving century.  
The silent ages pass'd thee heedlessly,  
Greedy of spoil from many a wreck sublime,  
Couch'd, as in slumber, folded did'st thou lie,  
In the volcanic mantle of thy clime;  
And, waking, claim'st, the while thou fling'st  
It by,  
Laurel, not ivy, from the hand of Time.

ON THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE PORT  
OF POMPEII.

February 1833.

A NAVY springs to light—an argosy  
Starts from the bosom of antiquity;  
And treasures, in an earthquake's mine uplaid,  
Are to the gaze of wonder fresh display'd!  
Ye masts! that glittered in the sulphurous  
glare,  
Of the volcanic torch, first toss'd on air;  
And in the cloud were gather'd, and the shower  
That hath embalmed your freightage to this  
hour,—

What shall its stores reveal of rare, to rise  
In supernatural freshness on our eyes?  
What wot that our remote traditions lack  
Of the high antique world be mirror'd back?  
Ye magazines! from Time's invasion seal'd,  
What of man's fortunes shall your archives  
yield?  
What golden rule be gather'd from your spoil?  
What gem of precept shall shake off its coil?  
What check on man's perverse aspirings lain,  
Unappropriated by Time, that Time approves not,  
vain?

## MUSIC.

## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE fourth concert, on Monday night, was altogether so paramount in its instrumental portion, that the latter might be said to have been the concert, the vocal being given in to boot. Beethoven's Sinfonia in C minor has, perhaps, never been played by the same band so entirely in the spirit of that stupendous work. A MS. Septetto of Mr. Moscheles, one of the new prize compositions for the Society, was played by him, accompanied by Messrs. Mori, Moralt, Willman, Platt, Lindley, and Dragonetti, on their respective instruments, in a style quite worthy of so excellent a composition. Miss Sherriff took Mad. Meric's place in the "Tutto un concerto" (Euryanthe), with credit both to her voice and the use she made of it. A melodious and cleverly harmonised concertante, for four principal violins, of Maurer, by Mori, Seymour, Patey, and Griesbach, had a novel and delightful effect. Spohr's Terzetto, "Qual canna al suol" (Jessonda), by Miss Sherriff, Mrs. Bishop, and Mr. Bennett, passed off somewhat feebly; and it seemed as if that kind of composition did not suit the singers. The concert, which, from a cause but too well known, was thinly attended, finished with Mozart's overture to "La Clemenza di Tito."

## SOCIETA ARMONICA.

[Second Concert.]

WE return with pleasure to the subject of this agreeable concert, which was too good to be dismissed with our previous brief notice. We have already mentioned that the whole of Beethoven's mass in C was performed; and when we add, that it was not merely tolerated, but listened to with pleasure by a large portion of the audience, we may surely be allowed to consider it an event well worth recording. This is the most decided symptom that has yet been manifested of real improvement in the public taste. The band was of the very first order—consequently the fine orchestral effects, especially some beautiful passages for the wind-instruments, were heard to much advantage. It is a pity that the strength of the chorus was not proportionate to that of the orchestra; for the latter predominated throughout, and was even occasionally too loud in the *solis* parts. This was the more to be regretted, inasmuch as the performance of the leading singers (Miss Clara Novello, and Messrs. Goulden, Horn-castle, and Phillips) was too good to be thus partially obscured. The rest of the concert consisted chiefly of a judicious selection from Haydn's *Seasons* and *Creation*, for the most part excellently performed. The solo part of "The marvellous work" was infinitely better sung by Miss Clara Novello than it has usually been our fortune to hear it by more mature singers. The same youthful vocalist gave an exquisitely beautiful effect to Novello's elegant little composition, "The Infant's Prayer."

Madame Salmon Hantute (a daughter, we are informed, of the celebrated Mrs. Salmon) displayed a pleasing, flexible voice in the song, "From mighty kings;" but her style does not appear to have been formed upon the best models, there being a good deal of theatrical clap-trap about it. As, however, she seems very young, it is probable that careful study and the habit of listening to the best singers will do much for her. M. Beaumont, in an air with variations on the bassoon, exhibited talents far above mediocrity. The symphony in C major, by Moscheles, deserves honourable mention, both for its own intrinsic merit and the admirable style in which it was performed.

It is much to be desired that the performance could be so managed as to conclude by eleven o'clock; for no musical entertainment ought to last longer than three hours.

## DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday the prevailing disease, or diseases, made a strange mess and delay here. *Il Pirata* yielded to *Fidelio*; but still Rubini sang, and so did Tambourini; so that we cannot say we were much mortified, though there was a grand row, and poor Laporte made a speech, in which he offered to return all the money he had received, and expressed a wish that he could make the performers well. On Thursday Meric returned to her place, but sang indifferently; and the Elslers recovered enough to dance.

## ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI,

ALMOST alone, keeps open, and with very agreeable entertainments,—the *Climbing Boy*, *Philip of Anjou*, and the *Bottle Imp*, all cleverly performed. The consequence is good houses. Drury Lane has been shut nearly all the week; but Bunn has been elected lessee. Covent Garden has been alternately shut and open, which uncertainty is very disadvantageous to the open nights; and even the Haymarket is obliged to close doors.

## UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

*Drury Lane*. April 8.—*The Maid of Cashmere*. The final ascent into heaven is irresistibly droll. The terror of the *Bayadère*, the force and determination with which *Brama* clutches his victim—I beg pardon, his *protégée*—and plants his foot against the wooden clouds lest he should be a second time pitched out of them down to earth, the cruel jerk when the machinery for the retrograde ascent first begins to work, and the series of lesser jerks which continues till the perilous journey is completed, all tend to produce an effect somewhat less illusive than amusing. Seguin wears H. Wallack's dress of *Hyder Ali*, and most of the other inhabitants of Cashmere sport the raiment erst worn in *Timour the Tartar* and *The Lions of Mysore*! There was on the night of my date a most laughable chase between Mr. Wood and a wooden melon. The said fruit was awkwardly enough dropped by Miss Ballin, and proceeded to make direct for the foot-lights, when Wood, who was standing at some distance, pursued it with yet greater celerity, and just as it was disappearing, and the betters of two to one on the melon were secure of their winnings, caught it on the curved point of his shoe! This manoeuvre, in a travestie of the race with Atalanta, so amused him and the rest of the characters, that the business of the scene became quite a secondary consideration to the unrestrained indulgence of their laughter. Wood laughed at

Miss Ballin (who was laughing at her own awkwardness and his dexterity), instead of listening to Miss Betts who was singing to him as well as she could for laughing; and Made-moiselle Augusta, instead of enacting jealousy, laughed at the other three. The audience seemed to be equally alive to the surpassing excellence of the joke.

*Covent Garden*. April 10.—As Mr. Aldridge is not to appear again, I can do no harm in recording a few of his improvements upon Shakspeare. The exclamation to *Desdemona*, "Impudent strumpet!" was colloquialised into "Oh you impudent strumpet you!" The lines, "That handkerchief, which I so lov'd and gave thee, Thou gavest to Cassio,"

into "That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave you, You must needs give to Cassio."

## The line

You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus—goats and monkeys! with which Othello *exits* in the fourth act, received this elegant and metrically correct addition,—

You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus—goats and monkeys are noting to her!

And in the last act Mr. A. vehemently exclaimed,—

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stumnick for them all!

An emendation of the text by Diddear is also worthy of note:—

She has deceived her father, and may thee. was thus given, "e'en though the blank verse halted for't."

She has deceived her father, and may do thee!

The dark street scene in the last act, wherein it is said, "Here's Cassio has been set on in the dark," &c. was, by means of some two dozen transparent representations of lamps, and about the same number of lighted windows, made to represent very fairly the effect of a general illumination night. In the final scene it was quite superfluous for *Othello* to labour to substantiate his charge concerning the handkerchief to *Desdemona*, or for her to deny the imputed peccadillo, for there was Cassio's cap (dropped by him in the previous scene), conspicuously lying on the floor of her bed-room during the whole colloquy!

*Covent Garden*. April 13.—*The Invincibles*. Blanchard commenced his part somewhat *sotto voce*. "Speak up!" shouted some one in the gallery. "Certainly," responded Mr. Blanchard! He subsequently afforded considerable diversion by his utter inability to sheath his sword. He aimed the point at the scabbard till his arm ached, and then retired to the back of the stage to recommence his endeavours. Having tried longer, and failed oftener than before, he concluded by losing his scabbard altogether, for it somehow twisted round behind him; and after turning round to look for it, like a cat pursuing its tail, he was content to utterly abandon all hope of accomplishing his elaborate design.

*Drury Lane*. April 15.—The influenza night. On entering the theatre, I saw Farren dressed as *Dominie Sampson*, (a character which I certainly had no remembrance of in *The English Fleet*, which was announced), apologising for about nineteen actors and singers, whose names had figured in his bills for the last week, and deploring the delapidated state of the company. Of this "delapidated state" there were soon a host of evidences, not the least whimsical of which was *Lucy Bertram's* being forced to huddle a gipsy tartan over her sables, to sing a verse of "The Chough and Crow." There was so incessant a wheezing

and sniffling, and barking and groaning, on the stage, and in all parts of the house, that but for their eyes the audience could scarce have told what was acting. Some stupid people in the gallery called for "Rule, Britannia," after the opera; drowning the succeeding overture, and positively obliging the actors to commence the farce three times, though on the second occasion they had proceeded a considerable way. At last it was found necessary to call all the half-dressed performers out of their dressing-rooms, and pull Braham back just as he was getting into his carriage. Such a set as the stage presented! the principal singers squabbling for the one scrap of paper with the words on it, some half-dozen miserable-looking folks of either sex dropping in one by one and huddling together! Oh the unrouged faces! Oh the shawls, boas, and bonnets! Oh the greasy coats and muddy boots!

## VARIETIES.

**The Sunday.** *Quere Religion or Politics?*—It appears that we are to be subjected to many new restrictions of a religious tendency, and the closing of the coffee-houses and taverns on Sundays and holidays, till a certain hour in the afternoon, is to be enforced with greater rigour than hitherto. During a portion of those days, nobody is to be allowed to appear in the streets with baskets, wheelbarrows, &c. It is also said that women will be forbidden to sing in the churches.—*Vienna, 27th March.*

**The Jews.**—In various parts of our impression to-day will be found particulars which bear upon the question now at issue for the reception of the Jews into our constitution. On the same subject we would recommend a posthumous pamphlet just published, on the Philosophy of the Jews, written by Mr. Davids, the regretted author of the *Turkish Grammar*. The Introduction, by his mother, is deeply affecting.

**The Influenza.**—A sick lady assured her medical attendant the other day, that she was quite sure there would be a general epidemic disorder, for the mackarel came in so soon and plentifully!

**The Garrick Club.**—A party of this social Club dine on St. George's day, the appropriate birth-day of Shakespeare, which they have chosen for an annual observance. Their noble President, the Capt. General at Jamaica, has sent his old friends a turtle for the occasion.

**Bibliophilic Honour.**—His Majesty has, it is announced, been graciously pleased to appoint Mr. Richard Bentley, of New Burlington Street, his Publisher, in Ordinary.

**Rome, 26th March.**—A Catholic reading-room, as it is called, has been established in an elegant apartment in the Piazza di Spagna, where the faithful may read anti-Protestant works gratis. This establishment has arisen under the auspices of the English Cardinal Weld, a pious, rich, and beneficent man, who is undoubtedly actuated by the best intentions. But will he attain them by this means? In a city like Rome, where so many rich libraries are open to inquirers, converters, and proselytes, who can be influenced by such an institution? At the most a few foreigners; and almost all these come to Rome to see the curiosities, and perhaps pay one visit to this apartment, which is conveniently situated, but almost always empty. The highly esteemed Monsignor Castrucci Castruciani, of the great Lucchese family, secretary to the Propaganda, is to receive the cardinal's hat. This gives

occasion for a desirable change. Monsignor Mai, celebrated for his learned discoveries, and equally famous for his petty jealousy, actively obstructing the researches of other literati, especially of foreigners, will have the post of secretary to the Propaganda; and in his room, the obliging Mezzofanti, so renowned for his knowledge of languages, will be librarian of the Vatican.

**Scientific Conversazione.**—On Wednesday evening, a meeting, under the patronage (but not in the presence of) H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, took place in the National Gallery of Practical Science, and was numerous attended by gentlemen connected with the useful sciences as well as the ornamental arts of the country. The rooms are filled with ingenious inventions and adorned with fine pictures. In the midst of these there is no want of mental food or recreation; but the visitor passes from the interesting object to another, listening to the explanation of curious machinery and novel inventions, or admiring the best productions of ancient and modern genius. Miniature steam-vessels in motion; railways, with their carriages rolling along; magnets, displaying their powers of attraction and of electricity; balloons; antediluvian remains; ovens baking bread and distilling spirits; microscopes; and a multitude of other objects—added greatly to the enjoyments of this intellectual meeting.

**Egyptian Mummies.**—We have endeavoured to learn something of the history of the Egyptian mummies, of the unrolling of which an account was given in our last *Gazette*; as a good deal of the interest about them attaches to the places and condition in which they were found. We have not, however, ascertained anything, except being told that they belonged to the late Mr. Salt; and it is remarkable that at the death of that gentleman much of the treasures of antiquity which he had so diligently collected were lost. Did any portion of them contribute to the recent sale by Mr. Sotheby? Every body wondered at the sudden and unexplained appearance of that collection.

**Undeniable Authority.**—"Why, Mr. So-and-so told me, who heard from Mr. Such-a-one, who had it from Mr. What's-his-name, who said it came from Mr. What-d'ye-call-him, who repeated it after Mr. Thingumbob, who saw it in Mr. I-don't-know-who's letter."

"Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings, than by attachment to excellences. The former is valued as a kindness which cannot be claimed, the latter is considered as the payment of a debt due to merit."

—*Horæ Otiosæ.*

"The sweets of events are often enjoyed most by those who are only spectators or readers."—*Id.*

"In mental efforts, excitement is half the battle."—*Id.*

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Evidences of Christianity, by C. P. McIlvaine, D.D., Bishop of Ohio: a Vol. of the Select Library.

The National Portrait Gallery: the First Part of a New Volume.

Dr. Adam Clarke's Folio Family Bible, Part I. School and Family Manual: a Series of Conversations between a Father and his Children, explaining the most important subjects of Early Instruction.

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April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 11	From 36. to 46.	29.41 to 29.30
Friday... 12	... 37. ... 47.	29.32 ... 29.41
Saturday... 13	... 35. ... 44.	29.40 ... 29.59
Sunday... 14	... 36. ... 49.	29.55 ... 29.47
Monday... 15	... 27. ... 50.	29.43 ... 29.30
Tuesday... 16	... 29. ... 45.	29.31 ... 29.42
Wednesday 17	... 29. ... 50.	29.52 ... 29.53

Prevailing wind, S.W.

Weather variable: showers of rain daily; several peals of thunder on the afternoon of the 11th, and on that of the 15th a fall of snow, the flakes of which were remarkably large; showers of hail on the 11th and 14th.

Rain fallen, .925 of an inch.

Edmonton.

Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude.... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Oliver Cromwell and the Jews.

Mr. Editor,—Observing in a morning paper, that there has been discovered in the King's Collection in the British Museum, a pamphlet of some rarity,—The humble petition of Menasseh Ben Israel, on behalf of the Jewish nation, to his Highness the Lord Protector Cromwell,—the following curious anecdote of this affair in "Raguenet's Hist. d'Oliver Cromwell," p. 290, may not be uninteresting to your readers.

"About the time Rabbi Menasseh Ben Israel came to England to solicit the Jews' admission, the Asiatic Jews sent hither the noted Rabbi Jacob Ben Azahel, with several others of his nation, to make private inquiry whether Cromwell was not that Messiah whom they had so long expected; which deputies, upon their arrival, pretending other business, were several times indulged the favour of a private audience from him. And at one of them, proposed buying the Hebrew books and manuscripts belonging to the University of Cambridge, in order to have an opportunity, under pretence of viewing them, to inquire amongst his relations in Huntingdonshire, where he was born, whether any of his ancestors could be proved of Jewish extract.

"This project of theirs was very readily agreed to, (the University being at that time under a cloud on account of their former loyalty to the king,) and accordingly the ambassadors set forward upon their journey. But discovering by their much longer continuance at Huntingdon than at Cambridge, that their business at the last place was not such as was pretended, and by not making their inquiries into Oliver's pedigree with that caution and secrecy which was necessary in such an affair, the true purpose of their errand into England became quickly known at London, and was very much talked of; which causing great scandal among the saints, he was forced suddenly to pack them out of the kingdom, without granting any of their requests."

I send you the extract without any comment. I am, sir, your constant reader,

J. B.

"Alpha" displays fancy, but the composition is not equal to the thoughts.

In noticing "Gilpin's Landscape Gardening" last week, we fell into an error in saying it was a second edition.

We must defer replies to several Correspondents till next week.



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